OUTLOOK
and Independent

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OCTOBER 7, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

What Price War?

To the Editor: *New York*

SIR—I read an article in your weekly by Herbert Corey on the inevitability of war. I am not what is naively referred to as a pacifist in this country. The subject of war is very crudely considered in America for various circumstantial reasons both past and contemporary. Most Americans have no idea what modern warfare means, not even those who went into the war on behalf of wrecked and ruined Europe in 1917. If they are young men in jobs and with families, I am sure they realize and, if not, they ought to realize that war would give them mighty little fun if they had been three or four days at the front and heard that their families and homes were being wiped out, poisoned, burnt to death, the habitations they expected to return to (when tired of blood and thunder) annihilated. A modern war, if there were one, would be short and terrible, and the first thing that would fail any army that engaged in such a war would be what we in Europe called the "morale" of the troops. No soldier is going to fight when all that he has in life is being destroyed behind him. As for the jobless bachelors, the shiftless adolescents with their untamed criminal spirits, there is every sympathy to be offered them. The discipline and training and science of the military is indeed a job suited to them, so is the police service. War itself is no job; it is a gulf in which to throw away life and blood as though it were rubbish. To agitate for war is to agitate for suicide.

JOYCE BORDEN TURNER.

Slow Flying

To the Editor: *Kelsey City, Fla.*

SIR—Why did a member of your staff take it upon himself to cast disparaging remarks on the accomplishments of the DO-X?

In the first place its actual flying time was not nine months. It crossed the Atlantic in seventeen hours and then flew south a distance over 1,300 miles to Rio de Janeiro before turning north on its trip to New York. I never read of Mr. Dornier making any idle boasts of what this large hydroplane would do, besides part of its name is X, unknown quantity, in other words an experiment.

During its three-day stay at Miami (not forced) over 5,000 people from all over Florida were interested enough to take a two-mile boat ride in order to be able to go aboard and inspect it.

The person that wrote the article, "DO-X 1920-1931," surely put himself on record as a knocker of progress.

E. CAVANAGH.

Offensive Radio Advertising

To the Editor: *Luzerne, N. Y.*

SIR—Under "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" in the OUTLOOK for September 2, 1931, I read with interest what may be called a timely jest, concerning the pleasure of turning *off* a radio receiver.

The more important broadcasting companies do not seem to realize that radio is merely an adjunct, a potential device which may, or may not, appeal to the average family of intelligence; and is most certainly not something which monopolizes our attention, nor induces two or three people to put aside what they happen to be enjoying and devote their exclusive attention to whatever may chance to be on the air. Occasionally radio does attain greatness—and upon those rare occasions people do listen appreciatively; but alas, ninety per cent of the time our loudspeakers yield us intolerable annoyance. That's why we act instantly and turn them off.

We realize perfectly well that it costs a great deal of money to put a really worth while program upon the air; and most of us are willing to pay our share of that cost in one way or another. With the advent of the National Broadcasting Company we learned to listen to a few and very carefully chosen words of indirect advertising, and complacently accepted such announcements as the price of admission to an enjoyable hour of entertainment. Nor did we feel that, after an hour of really splendid dance music, it was an imposition to hear: "The program you have just listened to was sponsored by the manufacturers of Lucky Strike Cigarettes." We were entirely sympathetic with both the National Broadcasting Company and the advertiser, since it was clear that it was the desire of both to combine the minimum of advertising with the maximum of entertainment. The psychological reaction was just about one hundred per cent favorable; and we insist that no manner of advertising can be more efficient than that.

When both the National Broadcasting Company and those who sponsored paid hours found that millions of people could be counted upon to allow the name of a manufacturer or a product to register upon their consciousness because of the excellence of the accompanying program, they appear to have conspired together with the idea of trying to put a much greater proportion of advertising over upon the listening public. The advertiser wanted more for his money—and the broadcasters wanted more of his money for accommodating him. At the present time, the big idea seems to be: "Maximum advertising and minimum entertainment." The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company now wants to have announcers urge definite foodstuffs upon the public, and what used to be an enjoyable Lucky Strike hour has degenerated into much too much talk about "Your Adam's Apple" and "20,679 Physicians," etc.

We believe that those who have time upon the air to sell are killing the goose that laid the golden egg—in an advertising sense—for they are certainly creating a psychological reaction which is definitely unfavorable. We believe, also, that if those who are responsible for program selections would consider the effect of such selections upon the normal likes and prejudices of those who have a radio in their homes, and would think of any program as an invasion of homes, much could yet be done to save the situation, as well as to insure the continued success of the radio industry.

PHILIP G. SCHERMERHORN.

Poser for Prohibitionists

To the Editor: *Pierce City, Mo.*

SIR—Most prohibitionists are as unreasonable as the good brothers in Alabama who ban any beverage which looks, tastes, or foams like beer, regardless of complete absence of alcoholic content. In fact, the hue and cry against beer as an intoxicating beverage has only the slightest justification. Even tea and coffee when imbibed in sufficient quantities will produce a sort of intoxication, more morbid because of its despondent nature. I do not believe that legalizing beer will at once put a stop to bootlegging hard liquor, but it will put a considerable percentage of the people on the right side of the law, where if they do not aid enforcement against stronger potions they will at least view the proceedings unemotionally. And how prohibition does need friends!

I wonder if the persons who point out that beer has failed to save England from the dole will argue that throwing out of employment those hands now engaged in the brewing industry would improve the situation there?

ORA E. STARK.

COMMENT

Cartoon by *Cesare* 162
Trend of the Week 163
The Legion Goes Wet 169
Backstage in Washington 170

ARTICLES

A Liberal Supreme Court 171
Oliver McKee, Jr.
Psychiatric Bunk 174
Ernest K. Coulter
Roosevelt: A Biography 176
Henry F. Pringle

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 180
Business 181
Theatre 182
Movies 183
Books 184
From the Life 187
Music 188
Prose and Worse 188

Next Week

Armenians are Impossible
An Interview with Lawrence of Arabia
By Lincoln Steffens

At the 1919 Peace Conference in Paris, Lincoln Steffens had a long interview with Colonel T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia. He talked about Armenia and Armenians and, writes Mr. Steffens, "I hardly knew what he said. He is a profound secret, a strange, very extraordinary individual." The interview, written just as it occurred, has a mysterious, indefinable appeal. It must be left to each reader "to guess what it's all about, if anything."

Are Women Humorous?
By Margaretta Newell

Why are women considered dull in comparison with men? Why as a sex are women supposed to have a poor sense of humor? The author believes that the stuff of the average woman's existence has been poor material from which to fashion jests. She must get more courage and must venture into masculine fields in order to be able to laugh at herself and at man whom she has, thus far, taken too seriously.

Roosevelt: A Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

While T. R. was still at Police Headquarters in New York, the figure of William Jennings Bryan loomed on the political horizon. A decade of industrial friction, followed by hard times, had paved the way for a reaction against the conservatives and the "barons of Wall Street." Bryan, as spokesman for inarticulate thousands, secured the Democratic presidential nomination. T. R. threw himself into the fight in behalf of McKinley, the Republican nominee, and his vigorous stumping made him one of the major figures in the campaign and did much to insure McKinley's victory.

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Trend of the Week

Threat Averted

THE THREAT of another veterans' raid on the Treasury has been lessened, though not wholly removed, by the American Legion's vote of 902 to 507 against the payment of the bonus in cash. The Legion has not only lined up against this greedy grab of $2,400,000,000; it has also encouraged Congressmen to vote down bonus bills without fear of defeat on election day.

For the part he played in discouraging the grab President Hoover deserves high praise. No one will ever know how many votes were influenced by his courageous speech at the Legion convention in Detroit, but it obviously strengthened the anti-bonus sentiment in the convention as well as the nation at large. This sentiment cannot be too strong. The Veterans of Foreign Wars favored cash payments at their recent convention in Kansas City and the large minority at Detroit—507 strong, mind you!—supplies a nucleus which might revive bonus-cashing projects in the American Legion itself. Continued firmness on the part of the public, the President and the new leaders of the Legion may be necessary if the cash grabbers are to be kept under control.

Handle with Care

THE ban against short selling on the New York Stock Exchange was purely an emergency measure and, as such, was unarguably justified. Ordered on September 21, the morning after Britain abandoned the gold standard, and lifted forty-eight hours later, it was—or at any rate seemed to be—the best possible action if the inordinate pessimism created by the news from London was to be prevented from creating a panic gravely injurious to stockholders and to business in general. Closing the exchange entirely, as was done in London and Berlin, would have merely deferred the crash and perhaps aggravated it—or so it then appeared.

But, imposed in the face of danger, the ban on short sales has itself created other dangers. Now that the safeguard has been instituted once, it may be all too easy to institute it again. The governors of the stock exchange may be tempted to use it when its use is not so clearly warranted. Moreover, Congress may be encouraged to force through some restriction on short sales for every-day practice. It is suspected that President Hoover, who some three months ago delivered a spirited tirade against selling commodities short, feels similarly about selling securities short, and that any number of complaisant Congressmen would be delighted to help him in having the law on the bears. This would be indefensible. Save in grave and unusual emergencies, there is really no more reason to destroy a free market by regulating pessimism than to destroy that market by regulating optimism—no more reason to restrict the bears than to restrict the bulls. It is a mistake to hold that the success of the temporary ban on short selling proves the necessity for a permanent ban. The driver who slams on his emergency breaks in a tight place does not keep it on for the rest of the trip.

Who Will Win the Series

THE 1931 WORLD SERIES will result as follows: Six games will be played including two shutouts but no tie-games or extra-inning games or games called by darkness. The Philadelphia Athletics will win the first game, 5 to 2, and the second, 6 to 1, whereupon the St. Louis Cardinals will win the third game, 6 to 0, and the fourth, 3 to 1. The Athletics will then win the fifth, 2 to 0, and the series by taking the sixth, 7 to 1—getting an early lead, holding the Cardinals scoreless until the ninth inning and therein helping pitcher Earnshaw stop a last-minute rally.

How do we know? Why, that is the way the series went last year when exactly the same two teams were playing with exactly the same managers in exactly the same ball parks. Precedent therefore proves that there will be exactly the same outcome. We'll stack our prediction up against that of any expert ever heard of. After all, the experts base their forecasts on mere dope and guesswork—then hedge until one scarcely knows what they mean—while we base ours on precedent. If precedent is good enough for the United States Supreme Court it's good enough for us.

The Visored Beret

AS TO that visored beret in which Mayor Walker of New York took Europe's watering places and America's rotogravure sections by storm, it transpires that the Mayor did not invent it at all. Designed by the artist, James Montgomery Flagg, it has been offered for sale by a New York hat manufacturer for about two years. Mr. Flagg wanted something to wear on his head while driving his car. The wind blew off his hats; he dis-

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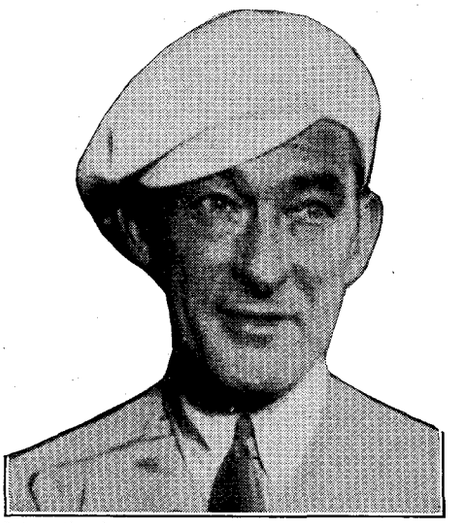
likes caps; a beret did not shade his eyes. He therefore sketched a visored beret and submitted it to the hat manufacturer.



International

VISORED BERET
As it looks when worn by Mayor James J. Walker of New York

The rest will soon be history. For two years visored berets lay neglected on counters, worn only by Mr. Flagg himself and loyal members of his family. Mr. Flagg gave up inventing millinery and returned, disillusioned, to art. Then came Mayor Walker. He, too, wanted something which would stay on his head and shade his eyes. So the visored beret came out of the shops and made its appearance before cameras and in newspaper headlines. We predict that it will be seen at southern resorts this winter and on every city street in the country next summer. Why? Because, with all due apologies to Mr. Flagg, the visored beret is an ugly, unbecoming piece of headgear. It is a funny hat. One need only recall the Helen Wills cap of three years ago and the Empress Eugénie derby of today to realize that America loves an excuse to wear a funny hat. Mayor Walker has furnished the excuse. The visored beret will sweep the country. Mr. Flagg will soon be telling interviewers how he made his first million in the Land of Opportunity.

▶▶*Premier Laval as Guest*

TOO MUCH is expected of the visit Premier Laval of France will pay to President Hoover this month. Too much is usually expected of such international meetings. Instead of taking a conversation between the heads of two governments as evidence of disagreement between their national policies, the public often takes it as proof that harmony is just around the corner. The mistake is to be blamed partly on a credulous press and partly on the Pollyanna masks worn by guest and host alike. What with official receptions, sugar-coated statements and gushing newspapers, people are led to think that everything is simply lovely and overlook the fact that, if such were the case, there would be no need for the visit itself.

The Laval visit to Washington is to be welcomed chiefly because it may somehow do some good and because, in any case, it can't do any harm. Yet it is doubtful that it will produce anything which could not have been produced through normal diplomatic channels. Mr. Laval and Mr. Hoover can talk about arms reduction, which involves French demands for security and the *status quo*, and about war debts and reparations, which involves the plain necessity for revision. But there will be no basis for hints that they are doing mighty deeds which could not have been done through their ambassadors in Paris and Washington. When the chatter begins about good will, hands across the sea and cordial agreements "in principle," it might be well to recall that the net result of Premier MacDonald's well-advertised visit in 1929, the net result of those famous conversations on the Rapidan, was nothing more than the pitiful little London treaty for the "limitation" of navies.

▶▶*Too Casual by Far*

IN VIEW of the far-reaching effects it was bound to have on American wage-scales in general, the United States Steel Corporation's announcement of its wage cut was inexcusably vague. Issued in behalf of the directors by Chairman Myron C. Taylor of the finance committee, the statement follows, *in full:* "For the purpose of better meeting prevailing unsatisfactory conditions in the industry, rates of wages in the plants of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation will, effective Oct. 1, be reduced by approximately 10 per cent, varying somewhat in the character of work performed. Such adjustments will be somewhat in line with the reductions recently made in the salaried rates."

Our own feeling as to wage reductions we have previously explained. It is that, despite the contrary advice of certain financiers, they should not be made as a means of stimulating business by lowering prices, but may well be made as a last resort—as a means of preventing a given business from going to the wall. But it is impossible to proceed from these general principles to a judgment on the Steel Corporation's reduction, since the Corporation does not bother to explain why the reduction was made. If it was necessary for the preservation of the business, then it cannot be reasonably opposed. But did the directors consider it necessary to achieve this end? Or do they now believe in the theory of reducing wages so as to lower prices and encourage buying?

Do they intend the new wage scales to be temporary or permanent? Do they plan further reductions? Were they activated by the lower cost of production in Britain now that it has abandoned the gold standard? Do they seek to harmonize wages and living costs, often said to have dropped ten per cent? No one knows. The directors do not say. They simply say that wages were cut "for the purpose of better meeting prevailing unsatisfactory conditions in the industry" —whatever that means.

It is both declared and denied that they have broken a promise to President Hoover in reducing wages after agreeing two years ago to maintain them. That depends on the disputed point of whether the agreement was to last for one year or for the duration of the depression. But whether or not they owe it to President Hoover to explain their wage reduction clearly and sufficiently, they certainly owe it to the country. The country has too much at stake to be dismissed with a sixty-three-word explanation which explains nothing.

Hard on the heels of their announcement came announcements of similar

Wide World

OUR GUEST-TO-BE
Pierre Laval, Premier of the French Republic

wage cuts, not only by the Youngstown and Bethlehem steel companies, but by other companies in other industries.

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There will be more of these announcements before there are fewer, for U. S. Steel is a bellwether to many businesses

International

BITTEN AGAIN
Former-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri feels sting of presidential bee

and they will follow where it leads. Some of these reductions will be unnecessary. All of them will tend to lower the American standard of living. In view of these facts the Steel Corporation's directors obviously erred in announcing their new wage policy as casually as if it made no difference to any one but themselves.

▶▶*Trouble Ahead?*

SERIOUS labor troubles—strikes, lockouts and so on—will almost inevitably result if any general and sweeping reduction in American wages follows the United States Steel Corporation's announcement of September 22. Though President Green of the American Federation of Labor calls the corporation's wage-reduction "morally wrong and economically unsound," strikes by the corporation's own employees are not, perhaps, to be expected, since most of them work on an open shop basis. But other corporations in other industries are not so fortunately situated.

When Mr. Hoover secured the agreement of employers to maintain their wage scales, he likewise secured the agreement of labor leaders to avoid strikes and drives for higher pay. But if the former group will not be bound by its agreement, neither will the latter. Of this there need be no doubt. It was clearly indicated in the statement made by Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, on noting the step taken by the Steel Corporation—"A general policy of wage cuts holds out the danger of serious industrial conflicts." It was as clearly indicated in May of this year when the Federation advised workers to resist any general reduction in wages "to the fullest extent." Are we, then, in for a period of destructive and costly labor disturbances? Is any wage reduction, save when strictly necessary, worth so stiff a price?

▶▶*Dr. Wilson's Mummy*

"A FANATIC dry with a one-track mind" is hardly a fair description of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, who recently denounced legionaires at the Detroit convention as perjured scoundrels and as staggering drunks yelling for beer. Dr. Wilson has more than one idea. He has two. The second, says the "Who's News Now" column in the New York *Sun*, is "a double-riveted militant conviction that John Wilkes Booth was not killed in the Virginia corncrib after he had shot Lincoln, but that he escaped and lived until early in the present century in Texas and Oklahoma as John St. Helen and David St. George."

Just before his death, Mr. St. George, then an aged alcoholic, told an undertaker in Enid, Oklahoma, that he was John Wilkes Booth. "The undertaker did two things. He loaded Mr. St. George with sufficient embalming fluid to make a durable leather integument for his clay—still extant. Then he did some old-fashioned reporting work in rounding up the story and publicizing it. In due time Finis L. Bates of Memphis, Tenn., acquired the mummy with the idea of realizing on the $100,000 reward once offered for the capture of John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Bates died, and the legacy to his widow included the Oklahoma derelict."

Dr. Wilson, a friend of Mrs. Bates, acted as agent for the sale of the mummy to one Idaho Billy Evans, who exhibited it at carnivals and fairs on the Pacific Coast. "In return for his work in this transaction Dr. Wilson acquired various documents and records in support of the theory that St. George was really Booth. He became an earnest believer. He gathered more material. He ran down threads of evidence to their source. He wrote a book and campaigned bravely to set history straight in this epic drama."

Why in the world did he stop? Why has he taken up the cudgels for prohibition alone? If we had to choose between his two interests—that of convincing the world that Mr. St. George was really Mr. Booth and that of convincing it that prohibition has been a success—we'd stick to the mummy every time.

▶▶*It Won't Be Reed*

FORMER-SENATOR REED of Missouri can't be out to win the Democratic nomination for President. He must be out to keep some one else from winning it. No doubt he will take Missouri's delegates to the convention city in his pocket, but it is inconceivable that he could build them up to the two-thirds majority necessary to nominate. Presumably Mr. Reed hopes to prevent the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. His statement—that he would "consider it a compliment" to have the Missouri delegation to the convention pledged to him in 1932 as in 1928—was made when an admirer informed him of plans for a Roosevelt-for-President club in St. Louis. But even if Mr. Roosevelt were defeated, with such candidates as Baker, Young and Ritchie available the Democratic choice probably would not be Reed.

This is no time for a Reed in the White House. In the Senate, yes. A magnificent prosecutor, whatever else he may be, Mr. Reed belongs back at the head of senatorial investigating committees, engaged in his old task of worrying rascals and floodlighting corruption. But he has never shown the constructive ability that the White House demands and will

International

SPANKS LEGIONAIRES
Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Prohibition Board

continue to demand, at least until the business depression is behind us. He is not even the man to lead us out of Vol-

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steadism. He'd be too likely to lead us in circles, as he led his wet admirers in 1928 when, running for the Democratic nomination against Smith, he stultified all his previous acts and utterances on prohibition, first by playing it down and secondly by announcing that the Eighteenth Amendment would stand "until and unless the moral forces of the nation become convinced that there is some better way to deal with the problem."

In the opinion of hosts of people who had previously respected him, his attitude on prohibition in 1928 cut his stature in half. It would not be forgotten if he were to run as a wet in 1932, as the Democratic candidate will have to. It would be enough in itself to dissuade the Democrats from letting Mr. Reed carry their standard next year.

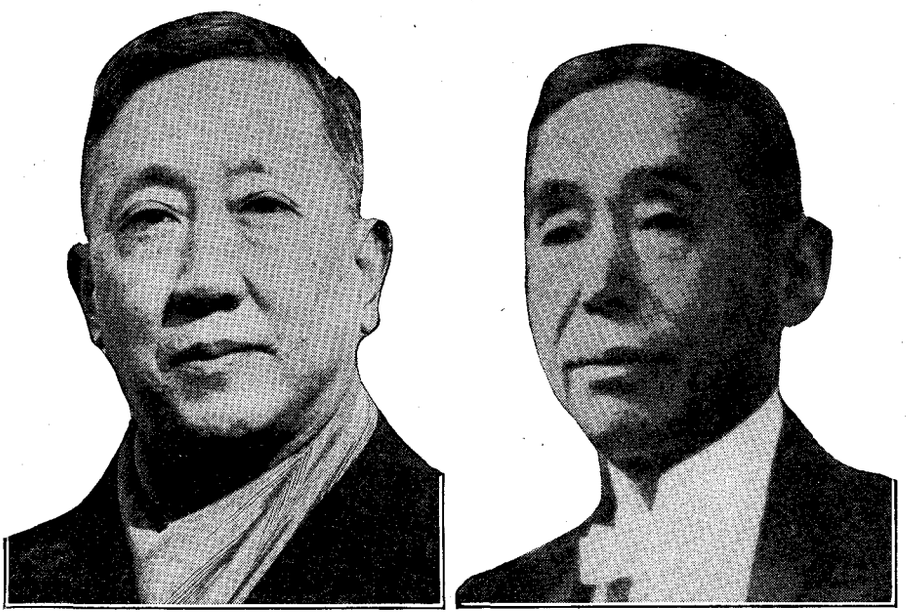
▶▶*Japan's Loss*

IN THE eyes of the world, if not in the eyes of the disputants themselves, Japan has come off second best in her clash with China. True, she has invaded and occupied Chinese territory and disarmed Chinese troops at will; she is still occupying certain Chinese communities at this writing. But this has not been done without serious loss of international prestige—a matter of no small moment in these days when governments are so concerned with achieving and maintaining the world's good opinion.

Whether or not Chinese soldiers sought to destroy a section of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, as the Japanese allege, it is probably true enough that Japan had some provocation for her aggressive action. But it is impossible to believe, on the basis of the available evidence, that the provocation was sufficient to justify her violation of solemn international agreements—notably the Kellogg pact and the League of Nations Covenant, to say nothing of the nine-power treaty of 1922 under which she pledged herself to respect China's sovereignty, independence and territorial and administrative integrity. This treaty itself should have been enough to deter her from undertaking military operations in Manchuria. As additional deterrents there were, first, the Kellogg pact, under which she renounced war and pledged herself to seek the settlement of all disputes by pacific means and, secondly, the League Covenant, under which she agreed to submit any dispute with another League member (like China) to arbitration or to inquiry by the League Council, and not to resort to war until three months after the arbitrators' award or the Council's report.

Dismissing all these agreements as so much waste paper, Japan suffered accordingly in the eyes of unprejudiced observers in other countries. She also suffered by attacking China when appalling floods and persistent civil war had rendered that country almost prostrate. She suffered again when, despite the pleas of the League and the American State Department that she refrain from acts likely to aggravate the situation, she refused to withdraw all her forces from occupied Chinese territory at once. She suffered yet again when she declined to permit a non-partisan commission appointed by the League to investigate the situation in Manchuria and held out for direct negotiations with China. The innocent party in a dispute seldom refuses to have the facts reviewed by impartial outsiders.

The truth seems to be that Japan retaliated against China far more severely than the provocation warranted. She will be a long time living it down.



International

DISPUTANTS AT GENEVA

Alfred Sze, representing China, and Kenkichi Yoshizawa, representing Japan, before the League of Nations Council

▶▶*Franco-German Board*

IN SETTING UP a joint commission to examine economic questions touching France and Germany Premier Laval and Chancellor Bruening have taken a step in the right direction. It is a step toward that Franco-German *rapprochement* the need for which has been pointed out with special emphasis by the Wiggin committee of the World Bank. The Wiggin committee declared that Germany must be provided with long-term credits but that this could not be done until relations between Germany and other European powers—notably France—were placed on a basis of coöperation and confidence.

No such basis for Franco-German relations is reached by the mere creation of a commission. A century of distrust is not swept aside so easily. The price of coöperation is not so cheap. The commission can do something toward easing the tension between France and Germany, but it cannot remove the basis of antagonism. It may increase the belief that the two countries have much to gain by working together—increase it, for instance, by developing means for French capital to finance German exports not in competition with those of France itself. But such Lilliputian enterprises do not touch upon Germany's reparations problem and nothing short of quick action toward the reduction of the reparations payments will suffice.

▶▶*Gandhi in Lancashire*

THE practical side of Gandhi's campaign for Indian independence was clearly indicated in his visit to Lancashire, center of the British textile industry. The degree of success Gandhi has had thus far is not attributable solely to the strength of his arguments about liberty and the right of Indians to govern themselves. It is attributable largely to his ability to hit Britannia's pocketbook. Walking past the idle mills of Lancashire, he dramatized the fact that the blow has landed where it hurts.

It has long been evident that the decision of Gandhi and his Nationalist followers to boycott British-made cloth lay behind Lancashire's silent looms and cheerless homes. But Gandhi has not

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only exhibited his power—the power of an ascetic in India to create unemployment in England—he has held out a promise to restore prosperity in Lancashire in exchange for political freedom in India. Give India complete independence, he says, and she will lift the boycott, buy Lancashire cloth and even give it preferential treatment by shutting out cloth from other countries.

In this case, as in others, his talk of complete independence should not be taken too seriously. Every one knows, as he too must know, that Britain has no intention of giving up control of India's finances and defense. Gandhi is simply continuing to pitch his demands as high as possible. His Lancashire proposal, however, may make many a Briton willing to hand him an extra concession or two beyond those originally contemplated.

▶▶*Washington in the Red*

Mr. Hoover seems undecided whether to play the rôle of savior of the jobless or the rôle of savior of the taxpayer and foe of deficits. So he wavers, one day emphasizing federal plans to save the unemployed through costly public works programs, the next day plans to save the taxpayer through drastic economies.

On September 26 he was heart and soul for the taxpayer. The Bureau of the Budget, he said by way of warning against congressional extravagance, has discovered that 271 bills introduced in, but not passed by, the last Congress would, if they had passed, have entailed expenditures which in ten years would have mounted to $17,000,000,000. If the Bureau of the Budget has discovered that, the Bureau of the Budget has been wasting its time. Some one should tell the Bureau that Congressmen introduce hundreds of bills which they do not expect to see passed, and sometimes do not desire to see passed. It is as profitless to add up the expenditures called for in unpassed bills as to add up the figures on a license plate. People are not interested in the amount of money which was not consumed by bills which were not passed; they are interested in the amount consumed by bills which were passed. They are, for example, deeply interested to see how many millions of dollars will be forever lost to the Treasury by the $500,000,000 farm relief measure which Mr. Hoover heartily favored.

Truth is, there is no possible way in which Mr. Hoover can avoid a huge federal deficit by economy in government. If federal revenues continue to fall behind those of last year at the present rate, receipts will total but $2,250,000,000 on June 30, 1932. Pay last year's $900,000,000 deficit out of that sum and less than $1,400,000,000 would be left to meet expenditures already budgeted at $4,119,000,000 for the present fiscal year. Whatever Congress may do or refrain from doing about further federal expenditures, unless we raise taxes promptly and drastically we shall go in the red up to our ears.

▶▶*Iowa's Insurrection*

Contempt for law is to be found on the farm as well as in wicked metropolises. If President Hoover keeps in touch with affairs in Iowa, it must pain him to note the attitude of his former neighbors in Cedar County toward the state law providing that cattle be tested for bovine tuberculosis.

Ever since the enactment of this measure, the pious farmers have persistently attempted to prevent its enforcement, as farmers have done in similar cases elsewhere. At first they went to law about it, carrying one case to the Supreme Court of the United States, but without avail. Thereupon matters took another turn. Threats were heard that, if necessary, the farmers would prevent the tests by force. When the veterinarians employed by the state sought to test a herd on a farm near Tipton a few days ago, they were met by a band of four hundred farmers who showered them with mud and stones and cut the tires of their automobiles with pitchforks. Only when the Governor sent troops to the rebellious area, put it under martial law and threw the insurgents' leaders into jail did the testing proceed, and then only in an atmosphere of tense hostility.

The incident added nothing to Iowa's reputation for devotion to law, but demonstrated that when human nature con-

Remarkable Remarks

Business is improving, the country is 100 per cent. solvent, with credit unlimited, and more than five billions in gold accumulated. When the people want better times and get ready to prove that they want them, they can have them.—Arthur Brisbane.

Mrs. Olive Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $5 prize.

This depression today flows largely from Europe.—Herbert Hoover.

Garrett Hardin, 7625 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

The most hopeful event that has happened in America is this financial panic.—Harry Carr.

Richard F. Sanborn, 2611 E. 4th St., Long Beach, Cal., $2 prize.

Prohibition is here to stay and you folks in this country will have to take it or leave it. —Luis J. Bacardi

Miss Margaret Ulrich, 1116 Walnut St., Elmira, N. Y., $2 prize.

No matter how important or big the offender, history shows that he is eventually caught.—Prohibition Commissioner Amos W. W. Woodcock.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholas, 415 E. Acacia St., Stockton, Cal., $2 prize.

The necessity to make no change in our national officers becomes greater in the light of daily developments.—Senator Arthur R. Robinson.

Lawrence O. Corey, Monticello, Indiana, $2 prize.

All life is a racket—Mayor James J. Walker.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

If a child had no other sort of education save that which he needed to make a garden flourish, he would be well educated.—Angelo Patri.

Mrs. James M. McNamara, 29 Burnap St., Fitchburg, Mass., $2 prize.

I'm sorry that Jack did anything so unsportsmanlike as getting a divorce from me.—Estelle Taylor.

Miss Janet Benson, 169 E. 78th St., New York, $2 prize.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of all American husbands, after they finish their morning shower, leave the bathroom in such a condition that the upstairs girl has to take soundings before she can navigate between the washbowl and the bathtub.—Montague Glass.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks Contest will be found on page 192.

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flicts with disagreeable statutes it follows pretty much the same course everywhere. Iowa farmers are forever telling

Harris & Ewing

INQUIRES INTO BEER
Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture in Hoover Administration

inhabitants of other sections to obey the Volstead law whether they like it or not. Confronted with a law of which they themselves disapproved, however, they launched a rebellion as violent as any ever dreamed of by the scofflaws of the East.

▶▶*Hyde's Beer Inquiry*

CREDULOUS wets, still half expecting the Administration to take wet action, are pinning their hopes on the announcement that Secretary of Agriculture Hyde will make a survey to determine what benefits would accrue to agriculture from the legalization of beer. It so happens, however, that Secretary Hyde, besides being a member of a dry Administration, is a professed prohibitionist—"the driest of the drys," as he himself says. Any one who expects him to give aid and comfort to the beer movement or to any other wet program is therefore deluding himself.

Ten to one Mr. Hyde, having completed his survey, will solemnly proclaim that there is no solution for the farmer's problems in the relegalization of brewing—even though that will be quite beside the point. No wet contends that legalized beer would spell farm relief of the first magnitude. Though it would diminish, it would certainly not eliminate the enormous annual grain surplus, nor would it mean as much to the agricultural West as to the industrial East, Nevertheless, it would start a new industry which would give direct employment to thousands of workers, would create a direct demand for goods and services—fuel, building materials, transportation and so on—and indirectly would act as a stimulant to many other businesses as well. These are obvious and undeniable facts. They cannot be changed by any investigation under the direction of a bone-dry Secretary of Agriculture.

▶▶*Following Suit*

WHEN BRITAIN abandoned the gold standard on September 21 it seemed probable that similar action would be taken in other countries. By the end of a week Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Bolivia and Egypt had followed suit, stopping the redemption in gold of the kroner, the boliviano and the Egyptian pound. Meanwhile first steps in the same direction were taken in Colombia, where the further exportation of gold has been barred and the discontinuance of gold payments hinted at. Where and when this will end is a question. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Bolivia and Egypt are not the only depression-ridden countries whose financial structures are connected with Britain's. Fight against it as they may, other countries will find it advisable—some will find it necessary—to abandon the gold standard.

While each departure from the standard spells losses for some American investors, this is not the heaviest blow in store for the United States. Our export trade will be injured by each suspension of the gold standard—injured for the reason that the suspending country not only tends to increase its own exports by lessening production costs but also decreases its ability to purchase goods from such gold-standard countries as the United States. Thus the extent of the injury to American exports will depend upon how many countries abandon the gold standard, a grave thought considering the prediction that only the United States, France, Holland and French-supported Poland and Czechoslovakia are certain to retain it.

▶▶*Remember?*

HOW, on November 3, 1929, Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, said: "Last Tuesday night there existed a rather keen apprehension with respect to the course of security prices. Since that time, happily, we have come to see more clearly that the stock market is not the principal barometer of business, and that our American prosperity is deeply and firmly rooted."

And on November 24, 1929, he said that in the great currents of its life American business is "healthy and vigorous and promises to be more so . . . . the outlook for agriculture is definitely better."

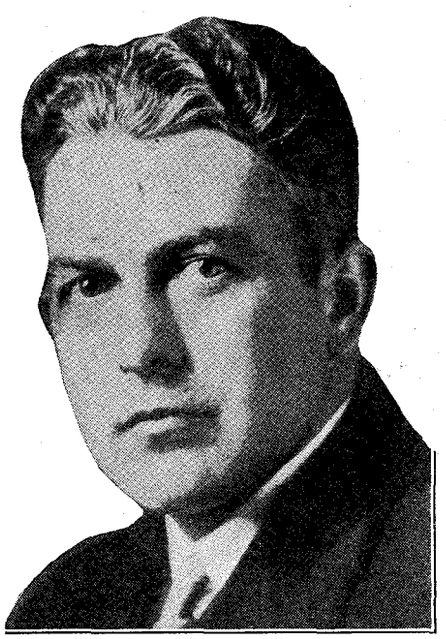
And on December 15, 1929, he wrote: "In the past few weeks we have seen, in the series of conferences which President Hoover has held with industrial leaders employing large groups of workers, perhaps the greatest mobilization of all elements of the nation's business which has ever occurred in times of peace . . . . What greater assurance could our people ask for the continuance of our material welfare than this demonstration of wise political leadership on the one hand and of willing coöperation on the other?"

And on January 5, 1930, he said: "My own conviction is that we are justified in feeling an abiding, if perhaps not an exuberant, optimism."

And on January 11, 1930, he said: "We're going to have some rough sledding, but I believe that the turn will come about March or April for the country as a whole."

And on December 31, 1930, he said that following the opening months of the new year "conditions will steadily improve all along the business front."

And on June 9, 1931, he said: "We are in a valley. But the depression has ended. The valley usually runs across



Keystone

LEGION'S LEADER
Henry L. Stevens of Warsaw, N. C., new National Commander of American Legion

six or seven months. If history repeats itself this means that in July up we go."

Remember? *(To be continued)*

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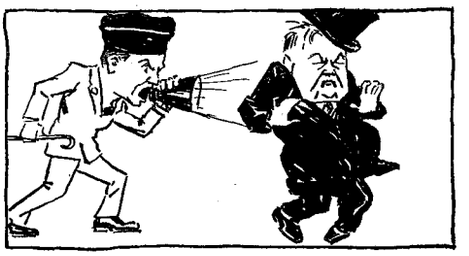
The Legion Goes Wet



IT WOULD BE EASY to pick flaws in the American Legion's resolution for a referendum on prohibition by states. The resolution is neither as clear nor as wet as one could wish. It is, however, clear enough and wet enough for all practical purposes. Dr. Clarence True Wilson is—for once in his life—correct when he says that the Legion "has taken the wet side." By the same token, Henry L. Stevens, new national commander of the Legion and self-styled "personal dry from a dry-voting state," is wrong when he denies it and insists that the Legion has "simply called for full expression of the opinion of the citizenry of the country." To prove this to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced person it is simply necessary to refer to the text of the resolution itself. It reads as follows:

> "*Whereas*, the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States has created a condition endangering respect for law and the security of American institutions, therefore be it *Resolved*, That the American Legion in this thirteenth annual convention assembled favors the submission by Congress of the repeal or modification of the present prohibition laws to the several states with a request that each state submit this question to the voters thereof."

If the Legion has not "taken the wet side" in declaring that the Eighteenth Amendment has "created a condition endangering respect for law and the security of American institutions" then words do not mean what they say.

IT IS CLEAR that the Legion's one-sidedly wet vote —1,008 to 394—is a trustworthy index to American sentiment on prohibition. That is why, contemplating it, professional prohibitionists fairly boil with wrath. As closely as any one group can do so, the Legion represents our voting population. The average legionaire is a married man about thirty-seven years old, with a family. The Legion, therefore, may be somewhat wetter than the older generation, but it is probably somewhat drier than the younger generation. Remembering that women vote about as men do, it is substantially accurate to say that a cross-section of the American electorate met at Detroit and registered its solemn protest against prohibition's evil effects.

AS FOR THE Legion's suggested referendum, we view it with mild approval but without enthusiasm. Referendums are not binding and, when all is said and done, they amount to very little. Illinois, for example, voted for the repeal of its state enforcement act in 1930 but the act is still on the books. Rhode Island voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment that same year, but it, too, still has a state enforcement act. Truth is, a single vote cast for a wet candidate in a party primary is worth a hundred in a referendum and a single vote for a wet candidate in an election is worth a thousand. Vote wet in next year's primaries and particularly in next year's elections —that is still our best advice to all opponents of Volsteadism.

MANY WETS, reluctant to let prohibition outweigh all other considerations save those of the honesty and competence of the candidates—particularly when this involves crossing party lines—are still in need of this counsel of single-mindedness. Not so the drys. They have been disregarding all other considerations and supporting dry candidates for years. They will do so again next year, as Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, indicates when he says that the dry group will "be ready to meet the issue of repeal exactly as it carried on its fight for adoption"—by voting for dry candidates in specific elections.

THE IMPORTANCE of the American Legion's action, therefore, lies less in its suggested referendum than in the fact that this representative organization has joined the American Federation of Labor, the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association in official opposition to Volsteadism. So deeply did the Legion feel about the matter that, to register its opinion thereon, it even ventured outside its proper province. If the Legion, despite its reluctance to enter alien fields, goes this far, the country as a whole must be ready to go farther; if the Legion condemns the Eighteenth Amendment and advocates a referendum, the country must be ready to condemn it and advocate congressional action.

AT ANY RATE, the Legion's resolution demonstrates that America now feels so deeply about prohibition that parties and candidates will be unable to avoid it in 1932. There will be other important issues, to be sure, but prohibition will be up with the leaders, whatever happens to business in the meanwhile. Sunny Jim Watson of Indiana, Republican leader in the Senate, is obviously in error when he says that prohibition "will only be an issue here and there in isolated spots" and that "economic problems will be to the front in the campaign and the matter of beer will be well to the rear." To a very large extent, the next elections will constitute a referendum on prohibition —the only kind we need—as dry leaders will be quick to claim if the elections go their way.

LET US make no mistake about this: If dry candidates win decisive victories in 1932, we shall have prohibition for four more years at least. No matter how wet the country may be outside the polling booths, prohibition will remain as long as we continue to elect a dry Congress and a dry Administration. We strongly urge our wet readers to remember this. Our dry readers know it already.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE REGRET that we dare not share the enthusiasm of wets who think the Administration's recent interest in the economic aspect of beer-making may portend presidential advocacy of such a step. We do not know why, unless it be politics, but we note that every time President Hoover approaches the problem of prohibition he becomes fearful and cautious. It was so in the 1928 campaign, during the Wickersham investigation and today. It is our belief, and most Republican leaders share it, that Mr. Hoover is simply duplicating the strategy of 1928. These hesitant and half-hearted inquiries into the prohibition question by his political secretary, the inept Walter Newton, and by Arthur M. Hyde, the Secretary of Agriculture, are designed solely, in our mind, to lead Republican liberals to think that Mr. Hoover, even yet, may declare for modification. We can say right now, lest any one may be deluded—and everybody in authoritative place agrees with us—that Mr. Hoover will not champion any change in the dry laws in the next election. He will simply let it be thought, as he did three years ago, that his mind is still open with respect to the "experiment noble in motive."

We do not understand why the press did not explain in detail the maneuverings of Messrs. Hoover, Newton and Joslin on the day that they were questioned anent Mr. Newton's inquiries about the effect legalized beer would have on employment and revenues. The true story casts a revealing light on the whole situation. Until George R. Holmes of the Hearst newspapers "broke the story," Mr. Newton's researches were being made with the same secrecy which surrounds all Administration doings. But when several curious correspondents demanded the facts on the situation, in accord with the new White House rule that the press has no right to "speculate," they were promised the lowdown.

They got it—but only after Messrs. Hoover, Newton and Joslin had held a twenty-minute conference for the purpose of agreeing upon what they should tell the press. Ironically, it required a protracted huddle on the part of these three great and good men before they could agree that a few half-facts should be made known. Then it was that Walter informed the press he had simply asked this information on behalf of "outside" sources. He forgot, although his questioners did not, that any individual in the United States may obtain these statistics from the Census Bureau and the Treasury simply by sending in a stamped envelope. This was, to our mind, another instance of the evasion which meets the press whenever it endeavors to keep the public informed on important developments at the Capital.

When certain newspapers, including Administration organs usually loyal, told the truth, and said the White House itself was seeking these facts, Mr. Newton called the erring correspondents into his office. He demanded that they retract their statements, and sought to maintain the fiction that, out of generosity and the goodness of his heart, he had embarrassed the Administration by going after facts for somebody else when that person could have obtained them without troubling the White House. The press representatives, however, refused to do so unless he issued an official denial.

Warren in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Pushing him up to the front line

To continue with this serial of official secrecy: Now that the Administration had become involved, it was decided that some measure of political frankness would be advisable. And so Mr. Hyde, who is normally the most evasive and clever member of the Administration, blurted out an admission that he, too, was seeking data as to the effect beer would have on agriculture. As we understand it, he hastened to let this news be known, thereby confirming the suspicion that the whole thing is an Administration venture. But when Mr. Hyde, on one of his numerous speaking tours, reached the prohibition country of the midwest, he insisted that the correspondents had caught him unaware and forced the horrible truth from him. The one answer to that statement is that it is the first time Mr. Hyde has been thrown off guard since he came to the Capital three years ago, for he is a master missionary of whatever the President favors.

Ironically, the American Legion held its annual convention at Detroit during all this turmoil concerning the Administration's attitude toward beer. As the press said, liquor flowed like water at the convention, but, except for the uniforms and fife and drum corps and youthfulness of the members, the assemblage was no more "drunken and disorderly" than the convention which nominated Mr. Hoover at Kansas City in 1928. It did, however, furnish an interesting background to the Administration's maneuvers on the liquor problem.

The two important matters before the Legion were cash payment of the bonus and legalization of beer. The first, although undesirable at this time, simply concerns a question of federal financing; the second embraces a great social, economic, political problem. To prevent favorable action on the bonus, which was not imminent, Mr. Hoover made a Paul Revere dash to Cleveland, and delivered a really admirable address. He did not, however, say a word about the much more serious question, and rushed away in furious haste lest he hear the roars of "We want beer." There was hardly a person at Detroit who did not comment, and quite unfavorably, on the presidential scale of values.

His representatives at the convention, including Governor Theodore Roosevelt of Porto Rico, and Hanford MacNider, Minister to Canada, labored day and night to beat the bonus, but neglected the prohibition problem entirely.

Indeed, Mr. MacNider, who had to leave the convention before it finished, left his proxy against the bonus, but forgot to say how he would have voted on booze had he been present. As a result, the tally showed thirty-five wet states, twelve dry and one—Iowa—tied on the question. Since thirteen states can block any revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, it would be interesting, if no more, to know whether Minister MacNider of Iowa would have cast this presumably decisive state in the wet or dry column.

It is, we suggest, one of those questions which will never be answered—just like Mr. Hoover's attitude toward beer-making.

A. F. C.

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A Liberal Supreme Court

The Position of Chief Justice Hughes

By OLIVER McKEE, Jr.

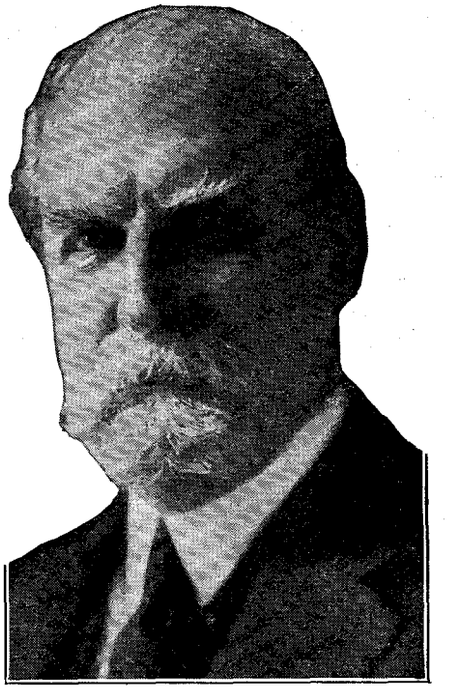
On February 3, 1930, President Hoover sent to the Senate the nomination of Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice of the United States. The nation's press was loud and almost universal in its praise. A rubber stamp vote of approval and the Supreme Court would have a new chief. But the Senate follows its own sweet will in these matters. A few Senators began asking questions about the appointee; others too soon gathered around the microscope. It became clear that there was to be a real fight over confirmation. Before the nomination had been before the Senate many days, a vigorous drive to defeat Mr. Hughes was under way. The nominee was scored as a reactionary, and as an ultra-conservative, a man sold body and soul to the corporate interests of the country. Of the many sins which Mr. Hughes had committed, two stood out above the others: in 1916, he had stepped from the Bench to accept the presidential nomination of the Republican party, thus dragging down into the mire of partisan politics the judicial ermine, and second, as a lawyer employed by corporations at a fabulous salary, he had frequently argued cases for his clients before the Supreme Court during the five years previous. Already a citadel of conservatism and the money power, the Supreme Court, declared Senators hostile to him, would become even more reactionary and unfriendly to the interests of the plain people, if that advocate *par excellence* of plutocracy, Charles Evans Hughes, were elevated to the post from which William Howard Taft, under the shadow of death, had just resigned.

Let us be more specific. This is what George Norris of Nebraska, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, had to say: "No man in public life so exemplifies the influence of powerful combinations in the political and financial world as does Mr. Hughes. During the last five years he has appeared in 54 cases before the Supreme Court. Almost invariably he has represented corporations of almost untold wealth. His viewpoint is clouded. He looks through glasses contaminated by the influence of monopoly as it seeks to get favors by means which are denied to the common ordinary citizen."

William E. Borah of Idaho was just as merciless in his castigation and Smith Wildman Brookhart of Iowa contributed emphatic disapproval. Carter Glass of Virginia, a conservative Democrat, and Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson, voted against Hughes because of his "lack of sensibility" in resigning from the Supreme Court to become the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916, and also because he wrote the decision in the famous Shreveport case which stripped the states of any control over interstate traffic, thus paving the way for a still further enlargement of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A vote for Hughes, La-Follette the younger contended, was to declare that a majority of the Senate sanctions the Supreme Court's usurpation of power and approves decisions which, if carried to their logical conclusions, will take away from the federal government and the states the power to regulate public utilities and public service corporations.

Other Senatorial Cassandras swelled the chorus of woe and the prophecies of evil. The list of twenty-six Senators who voted against confirmation —nearly enough to send his name back to the President—included, among others, Couzens of Michigan, Dill of Washington, Johnson of California, McKellar of Tennessee, Overman and Simmons of North Carolina and Walsh of Montana. Fifty-five voted for confirmation and eighteen were recorded as not voting. Few public men of our day have ever taken the oath of office after a censure of their record so vituperative and scorching.

Mr. Hughes sailed for Europe last June at the end of his first sixteen months as the Court's presiding officer. In that brief period he left behind him a record of opinions and decisions that place him close to the liberals of the Court, Brandeis, Stone and the venerable Holmes. With Hughes on the "liberal" side of more than one moot issue has stood Mr. Justice Roberts, giving the Supreme Court for the first time in its history, if not a consistent liberal majority, a definite trend toward liberalism. None have been more surprised at the emergence of the Chief Justice as one of the liberals of the court than those Senators who fought his nomination so bitterly in February, 1930. For in his decisions he has shown himself to be just the sort of Chief Justice that his opponents insisted he never could be. Those who voted against him are still rubbing their eyes. Can this be the same Hughes whose elevation to the Chief Justiceship was heralded as sounding the knell of the liberties of the American people?



CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES

The terms "liberal" and "conservative," strictly speaking, have no more place in classifying justices of the Court, than the terms "Democrat" and "Republican." The duty of the Court is to interpret the law as it stands, not to enunciate public policies. Yet the questions of law to be interpreted come before the Court in such a way that the legal philosophy of the individual justice, his concept of government and the social order measurably affect his decisions, though he may not consciously be aware of the fact. Holmes, Brandeis and Stone for years have stood together as a liberal minority. We cannot say that a new Hughes has come into being since he took the oath of office, for an examination of his career will reveal a marked tendency in its earlier stages toward liberalism and independence, but it can be said that the Chief Justice has proved himself the polar opposite of the man created by the vivid imaginations of the anti-Hughes cabal.

On May 26, 1930, the Chief Justice handed down a decision interpreting the Railway Labor act of 1926. Exercising the prerogative which inheres in his office, he wrote the decision himself, evidently regarding it as one of major importance. Parenthetically, it may be recalled that organized labor had op-

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posed the nomination of Mr. Hughes. His decision upheld an injunction prohibiting the Texas and New Orleans Railroad from bringing pressure to bear upon its employees to quit their own union and join the counter-organization set up by the carriers. The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks had applied to the federal court for the Southern District of Texas for an injunction to restrain the carrier from influencing or intimidating the clerks in their choice of representatives. The company appealed to the Supreme Court. In one of the most liberal labor opinions ever handed down in its history the Court upheld the injunction. As Edward Berman pointed out in the American Economic Review, the decision must be regarded as a smashing victory for organized labor, placing as it does in the hands of the labor unions powerful weapons with which to combat carriers who resort to coercive measures to destroy the unions, and to set up company-controlled unions in their place. Not only this, but the decision should encourage railway unions to seek injunctions to protect their interests. The decision places the Supreme Court on record in favor of legislation to promote collective bargaining; looking to the future, it gives a hint that the Court will hereafter be more friendly to legislation enacted by Congress and the states designed to protect workers from the coercive activities of anti-union employers.

More recently, Mr. Hughes joined with the liberals of the Court in three historic five-four decisions. As throwing light on the essential liberalism of his political philosophy, perhaps the most significant were the cases of Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, the Yale Divinity professor, and Marie Averil Bland, the Canadian war nurse, both of whom were denied citizenship because they refused to say "yes" to the question, "If necessary, are you willing to take up arms in defense of this country?" As a former Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes might logically have been counted upon to hold that there could be no qualification to the oath of citizenship, and to stand with the majority of the Court, which, in this instance, included Justice Roberts, in refusing to admit to citizenship these applicants with privileges not accorded to native-born Americans, for the Supreme Court decided some years ago that the exaction by the federal government of compulsory military service from its citizens is constitutional. The son of a Baptist minister, perhaps it was the religious strain in his makeup that led Mr. Hughes beyond the strict construction of the law to suggest in his dissenting opinion that in the forum of conscience there is a duty to a moral power higher than the state.

"There is abundant room for enforcing the requisite authority of law as it is enacted and requires obedience," he says, "and for maintaining the conception of the supremacy of law as essential to orderly government, without demanding that either citizens or applicants for citizenship shall assume by oath an obligation to regard allegiance to God as subordinate to allegiance to the civil power.

This Week's Contributors

Oliver McKee, Jr., was graduated from Yale and has since then been actively engaged in newspaper work. Since 1924 he has acted as Washington correspondent for the *Boston Transcript* and, as a contributor to magazines, has specialized in international affairs. During the war he served in France as an artillery officer and is now a major in the Reserve. Mr. McKee has written frequently for the Outlook.

Colonel Ernest K. Coulter has had wide experience in the field of social service. A former New York newspaperman, he became a lawyer and assisted in the organization of the first Children's Court in New York. He served as its clerk for many years. Colonel Coulter founded the Big Brother movement and at present is the general manager of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. His most recent contribution to the Outlook was "The Jews War on Crime."

The attempt to exact such a promise, and thus to bind one's conscience by the taking of oaths or the submission to tests, has been the cause of many deplorable conflicts."

In the so-called Minnesota censorship or "press gag" case, sitting on the majority side of the table with Roberts, Stone, Brandeis and Holmes, Hughes wrote the decision of the Court, with the four conservatives, Butler, McReynolds, Sutherland and Van Devanter, in dissent. The action came before the Supreme Court under a Minnesota statute which provided for the suppression as a public nuisance of "a malicious, scandalous magazine or periodical." The Saturday Press of Minneapolis, in a series of articles, made charges that a Jewish gangster controlled the gambling, racketeering and bootlegging in the city. Specific charges were made against the Mayor, the County Attorney, the Chief of Police, and a member of the Grand Jury. The appeals to racial prejudice were particularly violent, so much so that Justice Butler, in writing the dissent opinion, declared that to permit such publications to operate "exposes the peace and good order of every community and the business and private affairs of every individual to the constant and protracted false and malicious assaults of any insolvent who may have the purpose and funds to effect a scheme or program for oppression, blackmail and extortion."

Having had dealings aplenty with politicians, and having seen with his own eyes the methods used by some newspapers in pillorying public men on the other side of the fence, Hughes understood full well the dangers of a license gone wild. Yet he had just as keen realization that the freedom of the press is one of the fundamental bulwarks of a democracy. What he said in holding that the Minnesota statute was an infringement of the liberty of the press guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment and therefore unconstitutional, deserves a place by the side of Milton's *Areopagitica*. The Minnesota statute, he held, does not alter the accepted legal remedies against libel; its purpose is not punishment but suppression, for it places the publisher under an "effective censorship."

"While reckless assaults upon public men, and the efforts to bring obloquy upon those who are endeavoring faithfully to discharge official duties, exert a baleful influence and deserve the severest condemnation in public opinion, it cannot be said that the abuse is greater, and it is believed to be less, than that which characterized the period in which our institutions took shape. Meanwhile, the administration of government has become more complex, the opportunities for malfeasance and corruption have multiplied, crime has grown to most serious proportions, and the danger of its protection by unfaithful officials and the impairment of the fundamental security of life and property by criminal alliances and official neglect emphasize the primary need of a vigilant and courageous press, especially in great cities. The fact that the liberty of the press may be abused by miscreant purveyors of scandal does not make any the less necessary the immunity of the press from previous restraint in dealing with official misconduct."

Hughes again joined the liberals in upholding the constitutionality of the Indiana chain store tax law, another of the historic five-four decisions. Justice Roberts wrote the opinion of the Court, the Chief Justice concurring. Chain

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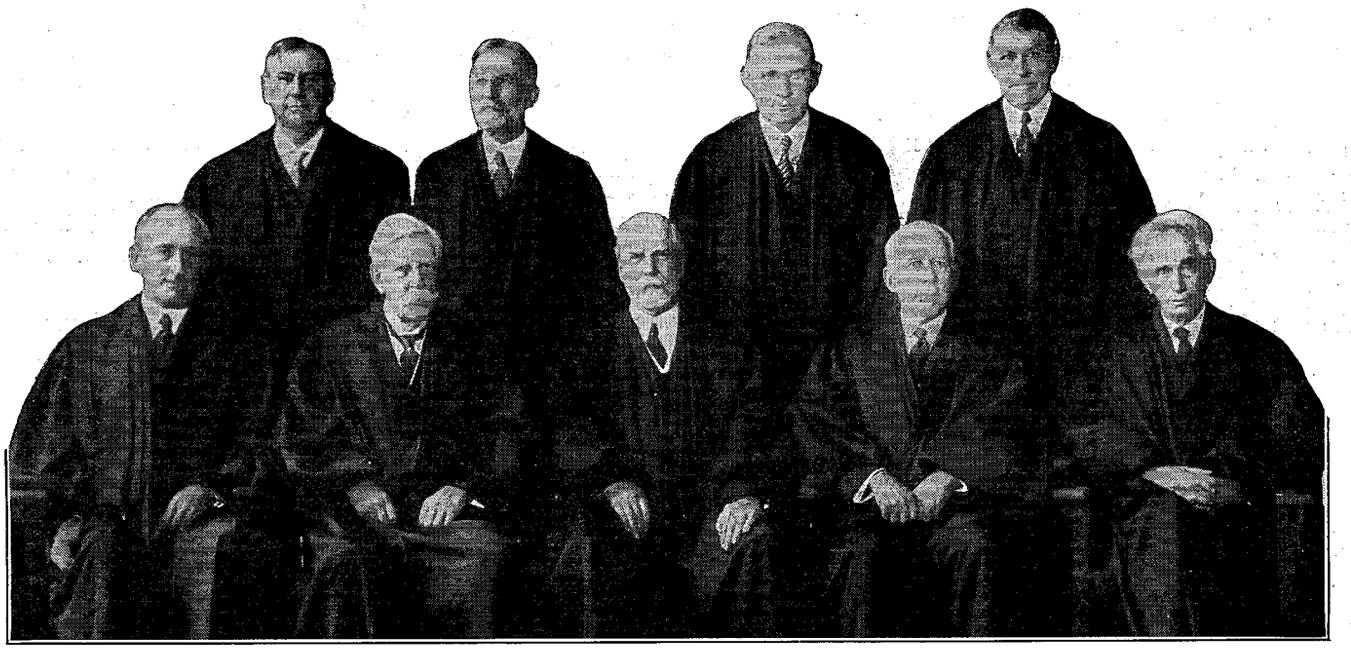

THE SUPREME COURT AS IT APPEARS TODAY
Standing, left to right: Justices Stone, Sutherland, Butler and Roberts. Seated, left to right: Justices McReynolds, Holmes, Chief Justice Hughes, Justices Van Devanter and Brandeis

stores are now big business, spelled with capital letters. By declaring the Indiana statute constitutional the Court has encouraged other states to tax chain store systems. In an indirect way, this will help the independent stores in their struggle for existence against the octopus of the big chains. Bitterly opposed on the Senate floor as the tool of the "big interests," the Chief Justice, in his concurrence, reveals himself as a true friend of the "little fellows."

Hughes wrote the majority opinion in the case of Yetta Stromberg, the so-called "red flag" case. Two of the conservatives, McReynolds and Butler, dissented. When Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes framed the policy, which the Administration still follows, of non-recognition of Soviet Russia. He is the last person in the world to be classed as a parlor pink. Miss Stromberg was found guilty in San Bernardino of violating a California statute forbidding the display of the Red Flag "as a sign, symbol or emblem of opposition to organized government, or as an invitation or stimulus to anarchistic action, or as aid to seditious propaganda." But Hughes refused to get excited; he held that the California statute as phrased was repugnant to the Fourteenth Amendment, and that the conviction of Miss Stromberg must be set aside. Here again the liberal speaks out. "The maintenance of the opportunity for free political discussions, to the end that government may be responsive to the will of the people, and that changes may be obtained by lawful means, an opportunity essential to the security of the Republic, is a fundamental principle of our constitutional system."

Did the spanking administered to Mr. Hughes last year by the Senate radicals make him a liberal? Is this the reason why the leopard has changed his spots? The earlier career of Mr. Hughes provides the best answer to these innuendoes. Furthermore, if the twenty-six Senators who railed and ranted against the nomination had taken the time to turn back the pages of history, their batting average as forecasters would have been considerably higher. Hughes first became a national figure in 1906 as counsel for the Armstrong Insurance Committee of the New York legislature. The methods which he used in bringing out the facts of the alliance which for many a decade had linked high finance in the Empire State with the Republican party were strikingly analogous to those which Tom Walsh of Montana used many years later in the famous Teapot Dome investigation. Hughes placed on the stand leading Republicans, including Thomas C. Platt, the boss who for two decades had run the state Republican machine, and through an interrogation which spared neither the personal feelings nor the reputation of the witnesses who trooped into the investigation chamber, demonstrated how life insurance companies had paid for legislative favors at Albany. The name of Hughes thenceforth was anathema to most of the stalwarts of his party. Then as Governor, he was one of the most independent men who ever sat in the Governor's chair. He rode roughshod over the regular politicians of his party and came to grips with many of its leaders. A case in point was his victory in the fight over the anti-race track gambling bill; appealing to the people, he won his battle for this piece of progressive legislation over the opposition of most of the Republican leaders of his party. When Governor, one of his outstanding achievements was the establishment of two Public Service Commissions, to regulate transportation and public utilities in New York City and in the state. Few men holding elective office in that day were more clearly earmarked as foes of the "interests" than was Governor Hughes.

IN 1910 President Taft appointed Hughes Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He immediately resigned the Governorship. He entered upon his new duties with a reputation for liberalism. His six years on the Court did not lessen that reputation. Though occasionally he leaned toward the conservative side of current constitutional questions, his stand on many another was clearly a liberal one. He joined, for example, in a decision supporting legislation limiting the working hours of women and children, fixing a minimum wage for women, and reversing the old "fellow servant doctrine" through which, before the era of workmen's compensation, employers dodged their responsibilities for industrial accidents to their employees. He was emphatic that the law must be as zealous in safeguarding the constitutional liberty of the employee as that of the employer. He likewise held unconstitutional an Alabama law under which negro farm laborers were imprisoned for their failure

(Continued on Page 189)

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Psychiatric Bunk

By ERNEST K. COULTER

Now that the psychiatrists have analyzed Abraham Lincoln as a "schizoidmanic" personality, "whose moods never reached to that degree of profundity to justify the diagnoses of insanity,"* and put the blame on his parents, what chance is there for the rest of us?

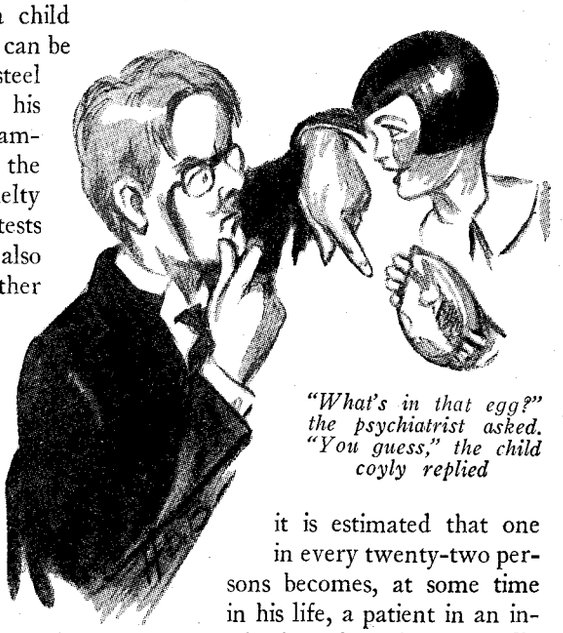
Wonder of wonders, too, the "behaviorists" are solemnly announcing the illuminating discovery that by dropping an infant on the floor they can elicit cries from the newly born. Yes, and the world is being further enlightened by their scientific reports that a shriek of terror can be startled from a child who has never cried before, and he can be made to jump violently when a steel bar, held immediately behind his head, is hit with a carpenter's hammer. The writer only wishes that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children could witness such tests in which the "behaviorists" have also boasted of using rats, cats and other animals in back rooms. But it seems that these savants, so intent on telling humanity what is mentally wrong with it, conduct all of these experiments with infants within the recesses of their own darksome laboratories, and only in the presence of the elect. . . . "He was a wonderful and good baby. In all the months we worked with him we never saw him cry until after our experiments were made," proudly writes one of the expounders of "behaviorism," a former lecturer in the New School for Social Research.

As the infant is powerless to swing the hammer himself, the writer, not a doctor, be it confessed, but one who has had exceptional opportunity to study the findings of some of these psychoanalysts, is impelled to swing it for him.

The "behaviorists" may say the writer does not know what he is talking about. And right here the writer wishes to forestall any attempt of the pseudo-psychiatrists to discount from their self-styled point of view his knowledge of their methods. For he has had ample opportunity, as a sincerely interested and open-minded observer, since the establishment of the first clinic to study delinquent children was established in New York twenty-one years ago, and in the organization of which he had an active part.

*Proceedings—American Psychiatric Association, Toronto, June 5, 1931.

The science of psychology is a most illuminating, important and compensating field of study. There is a vast difference between psychology and psychiatry. The one deals with facts about the normal mind; while psychiatry discovers, at least is supposed to, and treats mental diseases, another important field, when handled by rational experts. There are many of these, scientific, capable, conscientious and human. And we need them, for there is a vast army of the mentally sick. In New York State alone



"What's in that egg?" the psychiatrist asked. "You guess," the child coyly replied

it is estimated that one in every twenty-two persons becomes, at some time in his life, a patient in an institution for the mentally sick. Many of the other states lack statistics.

But the bamboozling of a considerable portion of the public by a rapidly growing number of half-baked, self-styled psychiatrists is leading to revolt. With hocus-pocus of mysterious terminology, many of these so-called psychiatrists psychoanalyze everybody, Lincoln himself, tell us what is wrong with great and small alike, and yet are totally blind, perhaps conveniently so, to their own irrationalities. Their examinations, vaporings and findings, served up in fantastic terminology, remind us for all the world of the gestures of Merlin in "A Connecticut Yankee," but, even King Arthur finally saw through the hocus-pocus of the court magician, who burned smoke powders, "pawed the air and uttered gibberish." A lot of the less eminent psychiatrists need to be psyched themselves.

There is a wide gap between the real psychiatrist and the pseudo-psychiatrist or adventurer in that difficult, delicate and dangerous field. This pseudo-psychiatry, one of the latest and most conspicuous phases of social service, with its overwhelming zeal for "case work"; its desire to tap the coffers of rich givers; to create jobs; and its tendency toward professionalism has certainly attracted a lot of irresponsible people, any two of whom, unless retained by the defense, seldom psych the same individual the same way. We find that there are almost as many analyses as there are individual psychiatrists and that, in court procedure at least, they can dish up almost any finding to fit their particular purpose. It is just this particular condition which has led to the proposal, from time to time, that there be more stringent laws to regulate the type of men permitted to testify as psychiatrists when called into court. For why should the poor devil, whom fate has brought under control of the law, be subject to all the erratic findings of alleged scientists who, when brought to it, and are honest, must admit that they don't know much about it themselves.

At a meeting of the American Otho-psychiatric Association held in New York a little more than a year ago, a retiring officer, a noteworthy psychiatrist, agreed that while knowledge of the factors influencing behavior disorders had been considerably advanced, knowledge of treatment still left much to be desired.

Another member, who reported on studies with control groups of children to discover "adjustments" and "maladjustments" was frank enough to say: "We have not found the answer to the behavior riddle when we have labeled certain things as explaining unfortunate social adaptation."

One noted jurist in New York recently, in the midst of an examination of a man whose commitment for insanity was being sought by his wife, burst forth:

"It is a lot of funny stuff they [the psychiatrists] write on these papers, but it doesn't mean much to me." "What's wrong with this man, anyway?" the Court demanded.

The chief psychiatrist replied, condescendingly, "He has no insight into his condition."

"Then half the people in the world must be crazy," promptly replied the judge. "Try something else." And the Court ordered the man discharged.

The former vice-chairman of the recent State Crime Commission of New

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York, and chairman of a sub-commission of that body, urged the adoption of legislation to cure existing evils in psychiatric testimony.

"The hair-splitting contentions of psychiatrists in many cases, and their fine-spun theories of mental processes have brought great scandal into the criminal courts," said the expert. "A burlesque of nonsensical syllogism has made the courtroom a place less dignified than a comedy theater."

In a comparatively recent case, reviewing a county court proceeding in Brooklyn, a jury of twelve ordinary men reversed the findings by which a young defendant, charged with arson, was committed to a state prison for criminal insane. One of the witness psychiatrists insisted that the defendant was only nine years old mentally because he described a chair as "*something to sit on.*" This surely showed, he said, that the defendant was an *imbecile*. Furthermore, the defendant's answer that "A fly is little and a butterfly big" showed him to be an imbecile, plus-four size, or whatever they call a big one. When the defendant's lawyer asked one of the psychiatrists what answers the defendant should have given, he stammered a moment and tried out some fancy answers, such as he said "a well-read and educated person might make." The jury actually chuckled at the efforts of the psychiatrists to set themselves straight.

Two "eminent psychiatrists" were retained in the defense of a woman, who, while living in an expensive hotel in New York City, was charged with burning a six-year-old child, who was temporarily in her custody. The little girl was to be the chief witness in the assault case. The case was heralded all over the country. The child was convalescing and still weak and nervous and was in an infirmary when the psychiatrists called, with a court order authorizing the examination. The writer went to the infirmary and warned the experts that no terrifying methods would be permitted. He knew of some of the methods employed by psychiatrists in an effort to get certain emotional reactions. They were told that the writer intended to be present during the entire examination. They vigorously opposed this, citing the court order, and even threatened contempt proceedings if they were not left alone, but the writer was obdurate and the examination proceeded. To a few casual questions, the child replied quietly, patiently and sensibly. Then, one of the psychiatrists, noticing that the child was holding a papier-mâché egg in her hand (one of those toy eggs that rattle when shaken), leaned over and dramatically demanded:

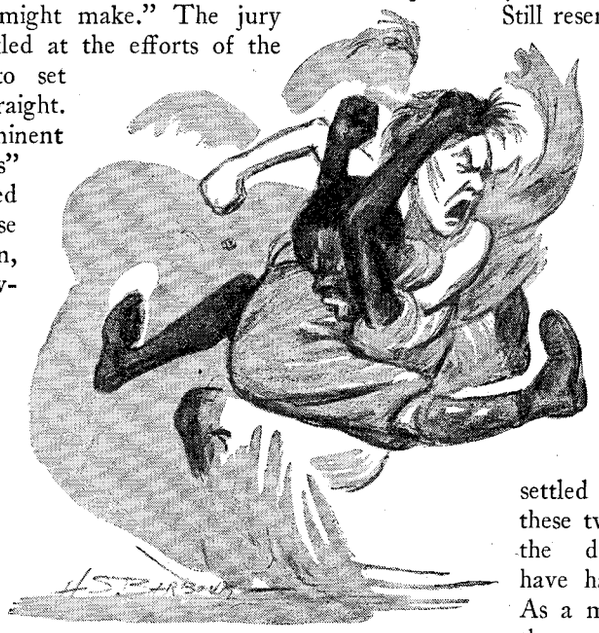
"What is in that egg?"

The child smiled, and coyly said: "You guess."

This psychiatrist, with renewed dramatic effort, whispered fearfully, "They are snakes, aren't they?"

The little girl looked up, studying him pityingly, "Aren't you silly?" was her answer.

That practically ended the interview. Still resenting the presence of the writer, one of the "eminent psychiatrists," as they were passing out of the infirmary, solemnly announced to the other: "She's a pathological liar."

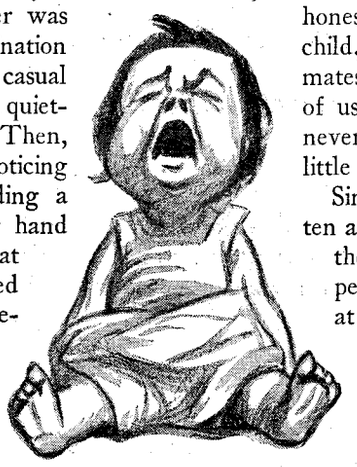


"We haven't finished all the tests yet, but it begins to look as if there would have to be a change in environment"

And that would have settled it in court if these two experts for the defense could have had their way. As a matter of fact, they were not called. The rich woman, who had the benefit of exceptional counsel, was acquitted by a divided court. But the child never went back to the rich woman who was her temporary guardian when the authorities stepped in.

Now as to the "pathological liar." The little girl was legally adopted by parents who already had three fine children of their own. She went into their beautiful home in the country, where there was a spirit of love and kindliness. Here is what the foster-mother told the writer about two years after the adoption:

"Mary" (that is not the child's real name) "is a most lovable, tractable, honest, bright and responsive child. Her teachers, her playmates, our own children, all of us love her dearly. There never was a sweeter, finer little girl."



"We never saw him cry until after our experiments were made"

Since then Mary has written a children's play; designed the costumes; and directed performances of her play at a private school she attends. Furthermore, she has written a book of children's stories, which has been published.

As to the up-to-date "problem boy." Here is an actual case, which, unhappily, has too many counterparts with serious results to the boy. A visiting teacher, a "psychiatric social worker," referred the boy to a psychiatric clinic, which was telling the world what it was doing for "child-guidance." They spent weeks, yes, and months "testing" the boy, circling all around the mulberry bush, while an honest-to-goodness old-fashioned doctor or oculist would have hit the lad's trouble within five minutes after the lad had climbed into his chair.

Here is what they did:

First:—Lengthy oral examination of boy and recording of his statements.

Second:—Investigation of his school history.

Third:—Family history.

Fourth:—Search of records of Social Service Exchange for "contacts with other agencies" and communication with those agencies.

Fifth:—Intelligence test to establish his "I. Q." or "Intelligence Quotient."

Sixth:—Emotional test to establish his "E. Q." or "Emotional Quotient."

Seventh:—Test of his reflexes.

And finally, Eighth:—Physical examination, when they made the startling discovery that—HE NEEDED EYE-GLASSES! This was one of our Little Brothers.

But there is the tragic side. What was the real effect on the boy? With all this "testing," "reflexing" and elaborate technical questioning, he finally came to the conclusion that he was a "dodo," entirely unlike any other boy, a peculiar

(Continued on Page 189)

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▸▸ Roosevelt: A Biography ◂◂

IV—New York's Crusading Police Commissioner

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

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T. R. welcomed the opportunity for action to be found in the New York police department, but within a year he was weary and discouraged, and was earnestly seeking a new channel for his energies. In the next installment is told the story of the presidential election of 1896 in which McKinley defeated William Jennings Bryan, whose golden voice had gained him the Democratic nomination. Roosevelt's vigorous championship of McKinley made him one of the major figures of the campaign. He toured the country from coast to coast and after Bryan's defeat found himself in an excellent position to ask the new president for a federal appointment

•

THE appointment of Theodore Roosevelt in 1895 to the Police Board of New York, which brought friction and fighting enough to surfeit even his restless spirit, may be traced back to two events some years before. The first was a legislative investigation in 1884 which initiated Roosevelt into certain irregularities practised by guardians of the law. The second took place on Sunday, February 14, 1892, when the Reverend Charles F. Parkhurst told his congregation that New York was "a very hotbed of knavery, debauchery and bestiality . . . ." Subsequent fulminations by the pastor of the Madison Square Church resulted in 1894 in the momentary downfall of Tammany Hall.

Ultimately, feeling the stings of Dr. Parkhurst's shafts himself, Roosevelt's enthusiasm for this extremely active clergyman began to cool and he referred to him as "That goose . . . ." But for a time their relations were most cordial, and Roosevelt watched with approval the pastor's efficient campaign against Tammany and sin which started in 1892. Parkhurst was a handsome man of fifty when he fired his first salvos; very vigorous, with hair which he permitted to grow moderately long, with a strange beard which would have been a Van Dyke had not the upper part of his chin, just under his lower lip, been shaved. He wore rimless spectacles from behind which his indignant eyes flashed.

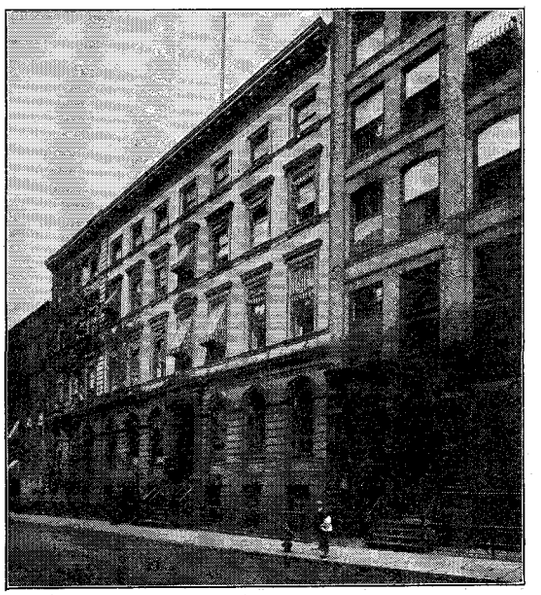
No restraints clouded the meaning of the sermons in which he described disorderly houses and gambling dens which "flourish . . . . almost as thick as the roses of Sharon." A few members of the congregation stirred uneasily as he named names and described plush and gold interiors. Tom Platt, a conspicuous lamb in the Parkhurst flock, shared Roosevelt's delight in the revelations of sin, for he knew that the Republican party would profit thereby. But Platt's enthusiasm for Parkhurst also faded eventually—when the impartial reformer commented on his own ethical deficiencies. The Parkhurst exposures resulted in the appointment of another legislative committee, the famous Lexow tribunal. Its hearings substantiated, with additional lurid details, the charges that Parkhurst had made, and in 1894 the prophets of Tammany Hall foretold defeat. William L. Strong, a respected business man, received fusion support and was elected Mayor of New York. He found it an unhappy rôle and a brief one; reform mayors of New York usually find it so.

Roosevelt watched Strong's campaign with deep interest from Washington and perhaps found satisfaction in the knowledge that Strong, if elected, would doubtless offer some appointment. He declined a first suggestion, to become Street Cleaning Commissioner, because he felt no special qualification for the post. On the other hand, the "work of the Police Department . . . . was in my line . . . . I was glad to undertake it."

Police Headquarters was still on Mulberry Street in 1895, a gloomy building with subterranean dungeons where rats and vermin assisted the persuasive effectiveness of the Third Degree. The patrolman of the day was usually abnormally fat and usually abnormally stupid. He could barely read and write. His convenient conscience made strict obedience to the commands of his political sponsor easy. Sometimes he was honest enough. More often, he saw that wealth and a life of ease could be achieved by emulating the accepted methods of grafting upon saloon keepers, gamblers and prostitutes. New York in the '90's was outwardly respectable. Divorce was a social disgrace. The home was the citadel of virtue and all wives were chaste. But there was a furtive world beyond the

No. 300 MULBERRY STREET

On the left T. R. in his office at police headquarters; on the right the front of the building, which resembles an apartment house on a quiet side street. Across its facade ran the legend, "Central Department of Metropolitan Police"



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THE POLICE BOARD IN SESSION
T. R. and his associates as they appeared in one of their calmer moments

home, and in this world the police moved like very corporeal shadows. Their uniformed commander, as Roosevelt took office, was the famous Tom Byrnes, then holding the title of Superintendent of Police and only nominally subordinate to the four civilian commissioners.

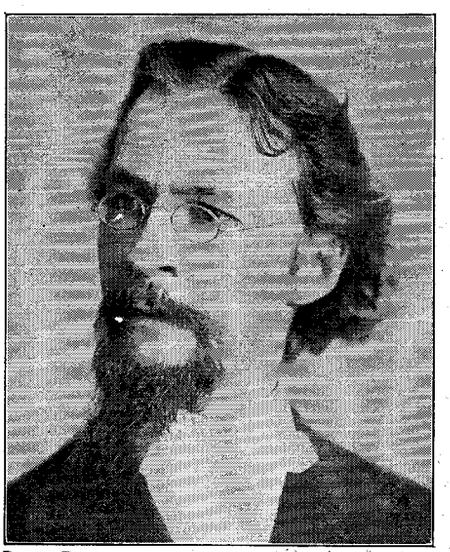
The arrival at Mulberry Street of any new commissioner was a crisis in police circles. It meant promotions and demotions, and the shifting of favorites from warm inside posts to pounding of cold pavements. The arrival of Roosevelt in May, 1895, was doubly unsettling because it was known that Mayor Strong desired his selection as president of the Police Board. Too, there were rumors of his incorruptibility, his daring courage and independence. Naturally enough, his appointment had been viewed with mixed emotions. To Tom Byrnes it was the end of happy, influential days. To Jacob Riis, whose excursions into New York's slums had produced *How the Other Half Lives*, the appointment seemed divine deliverance from an era of corruption. Riis was a newspaper reporter at headquarters.

"Theodore Roosevelt is the man for the president of the Police Board," he told his fellow journalists excitedly, "and God will attend to his appointment. That's all I want to know. I don't care who the other commissioners are. . . ."

The Lord's plan was carried out at the first meeting of the new board, and Roosevelt became its president. It was the other commissioners, however, who blocked his program. At first, though, every one was optimistic. The New York *World* proclaimed "the substitution of the reform idea for the spoils system." But the general approbation did not extend to the other three members of the board; Frederick D. Grant, son of the Civil War General, Andrew D. Parker, an anti-Tammany Democrat, and Avery D. Andrews, the second Democratic member. Roosevelt got along amicably with Andrews; the two men became close friends. Parker, however, was to be his bitter opponent, and Grant he considered easily misled. For the bi-partisan board, destined to be the center of unending friction, only the politicians had any use.

A secondary cause of disharmony in the Police Board was the spotlight focused on Roosevelt, a spotlight so white and continuous that the other three commissioners found themselves in comparative shadow. The new president of the Board was none too considerate of the feelings of his colleagues. He came rushing into headquarters on the first day, had himself elected chairman and demanded as soon as he could get his breath: "What'll we do now?" He assumed, from the start, that his position was superior to the standing of the other three commissioners although, in law and fact, each had equal power.

But Roosevelt could not be blamed, at the beginning, for the public attention he attracted. Later he may have been responsible, because of his Haroun el Raschid prowlings through the city, often accompanied by a reporter. He had no way of avoiding the pen portraits of such journalists as Arthur Brisbane, then a feature writer on the New York *World*. "Sing, heavenly muse," began Brisbane's prose poem, "the sad dejection of our poor policemen. We have a real Police Commissioner. . . . His teeth are big and white, his eyes are small and piercing, his voice is rasping. He makes our policemen feel as the little froggies did when the stork came to rule them. His heart is full of reform, and a policeman in full uniform, with helmet, revolver and night club, is no more to him than a plain, everyday human being. . . . The new commissioner cannot be described as an intellectual type . . . . but he does look like a determined man."



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THE REV. CHARLES F. PARKHURST
Who twisted the tail of the Tammany tiger

Every one agreed that the new police head had brought a note of action to Mulberry Street. This was so, although his voice sometimes broke into the falsetto which later became famous. He was noisy, effusive and picturesque, and his flair for dressing up led him to wear, on hot summer days, a remarkable black silk sash in place of a vest. This, combined with a pink shirt and with its tasseled ends dangling to his knees, was a constant source of astonishment to visitors at headquarters. In May, 1895, Roosevelt was not quite thirty-seven years old. He was heavier than he had been before, a development which worried him a good deal. But his health was excellent; he was determined to make good, and he saw in the post of Police Commissioner the opportunity for limitless pleasant excitement.

Mr. Brisbane had judged Roosevelt correctly; it proved to be true that the new commissioner talked to his men "as patronizingly as they have always talked to the public." It was early in the Police Commissioner days that Roosevelt's teeth, "almost as big as colt's teeth," according to Mr. Brisbane, grew famous. It became part of the New York credo that delinquent patrolmen watched uneasily for the approach at night of a dark figure with gleaming molars. Walt McDougall, the cartoonist, made a drawing for the New York *Recorder* in which a bluecoat was being scared half out of his meager wits by the realistic combination, in front of

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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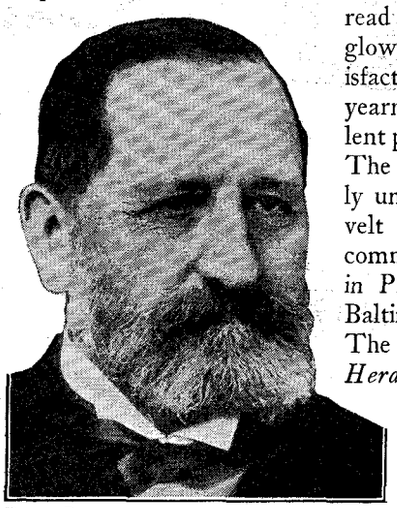
a building on his beat, of a hanging optician's sign, in the shape of eyeglasses, with under it a dentist's advertisement in the form of a set of teeth. Some time passed before Roosevelt appreciated the humor in this, and he was also offended when some reporter disguised himself with a broad-brimmed hat and circled the town frightening policemen by chattering his teeth at them.

"I suppose it is more habit than anything else," said Roosevelt in 1900 when asked to explain his extraordinary dental display. "All short-sighted men have some facial characteristic of which they are unconscious. I cannot be blamed for having good teeth, or this characteristic of a short-sighted man."



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WILLIAM L. STRONG
The Mayor of New York who appointed T. R. to the Police Board and later regretted it

The unhappy police considered Roosevelt's eyesight all too good during the summer of 1895. He arrived one drowsy June afternoon at a station house in the lower part of the city, and interrupted the meditations of the sergeant on the desk. He watched appreciatively while an ambulance surgeon sewed up the cuts in the head of a Mr. John Sullivan, suddenly brought in. This diversion over, the commissioner went back, with the sergeant as a nervous escort, to the cell block in the rear of the station house. In one of the cells was an intoxicated woman engaged in the absorbing occupation of hauling on a string which disappeared out of a window. While the sergeant watched in horror, and Roosevelt very sternly, a whisky flask appeared on the end of the string. But the sergeant was a man of action. He entered the cell, battled with the inebriated lady, and emerged with the remnants of the bottle and a badly cut hand. Roosevelt made a note of his heroism and departed, remarking that he had had "a very pleasant time." This was life in the raw.

The excursions at night gave Roosevelt the greatest pleasure. There was a fantastic note to the program of dining at someone's home and then, at midnight, sallying forth with a black cloak over his evening clothes and a wide-brimmed hat pulled down over his face. He prowled through dark streets in the hope of finding a patrolman asleep, off his beat, or engaged in diverting conversation with a friendly prostitute. Disguised as he was, the commissioner could often lead some unwary patrolman into insolent defiance when questioned. Then Roosevelt would reduce the wretch to incoherent servility by explaining that he was president of the Police Board.

The citizens of New York, as they read of these exploits, glowed with vicarious satisfaction. They had yearned to humble insolent policemen themselves. The approval was entirely unanimous and Roosevelt was the subject of commendatory comment in Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and other cities. The Chicago *Times-Herald* said he was the biggest man in New York "if not the most interesting man in public life." The Ithaca (N. Y.) *Daily News* declared him its candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1896. But in New York, at least, the applause began to die when Roosevelt announced that he intended to enforce the Sunday excise law and that, in due time, even beer would be impossible to obtain on the Sabbath. This was not reform; it was interference with personal liberty.

Fundamentally Roosevelt was not a prohibitionist nor did he really care whether beer or anything else was sold on Sunday. He started with the sound position that violations of the excise law led to extortion by the police and that, if the department was to be cleansed, it was necessary to enforce the law. He soon became enmeshed in a web of inaccurate thinking, however, and he demanded that all laws, good and bad, be enforced. He delivered himself into the hands of his enemies, because of this surplus of zeal, and his career as Police Commissioner ended largely in failure.

Roosevelt's views on prohibition itself can, fortunately, be set forth in his own words. He expressed himself as forcibly opposed on at least three occasions while in public life—in 1884, in 1905 and in 1908. It was not until the last year or so of his life that Roosevelt was persuaded to endorse the dry movement and he then did so with qualifications and misgivings.

". . . . I cannot sit still and hear the arguments in favor of prohibition," said Assemblyman Roosevelt on January 24, 1884, ". . . . without at least raising my voice against it." The occasion was a debate over a resolution calling for a referendum on a state prohibition amendment, a resolution which met defeat partly because of Roosevelt's argument. It had been "most ill advised and improper," he said, for the last Republican State Convention to promise that the question would go to the people. He continued:

> Supposing the amendment should . . . . by some unfortunate mischance be passed. I think that no more terrible curse could be inflicted upon this community than the passage of a prohibitory law. . . . it is idle to hope for the enforcement of a law where nineteen-twentieths of the people do not believe in the justice of its provisions. . . . If you wish to put a premium upon intemperance, pass the prohibitory amendment so that it can affect that [New York] city. . . . When I say nineteen out of twenty people, I do not mean those who are disreputable; I mean a great majority of decent, law-abiding citizens. . . . I have paid some attention to the working of these laws. I have been in states where prohibition is nominally enforced. In those states, in certain districts where the people who believe in prohibition are greatly in excess of the people who do not believe in it, it is to a certain extent enforced. In all other sections, drunkenness is, if anything, increased—the crimes resulting from drunkenness are . . . . made more frequent by the very presence of the prohibitory clause in the Constitution. . . .

Roosevelt added that he respected the motives of many of the sincere prohibitionists, but the extremists among them

IT DIDN'T WORK!
Parkhurst is represented as laying down rules for the inexperienced T. R. Early accord between the two men soon vanished

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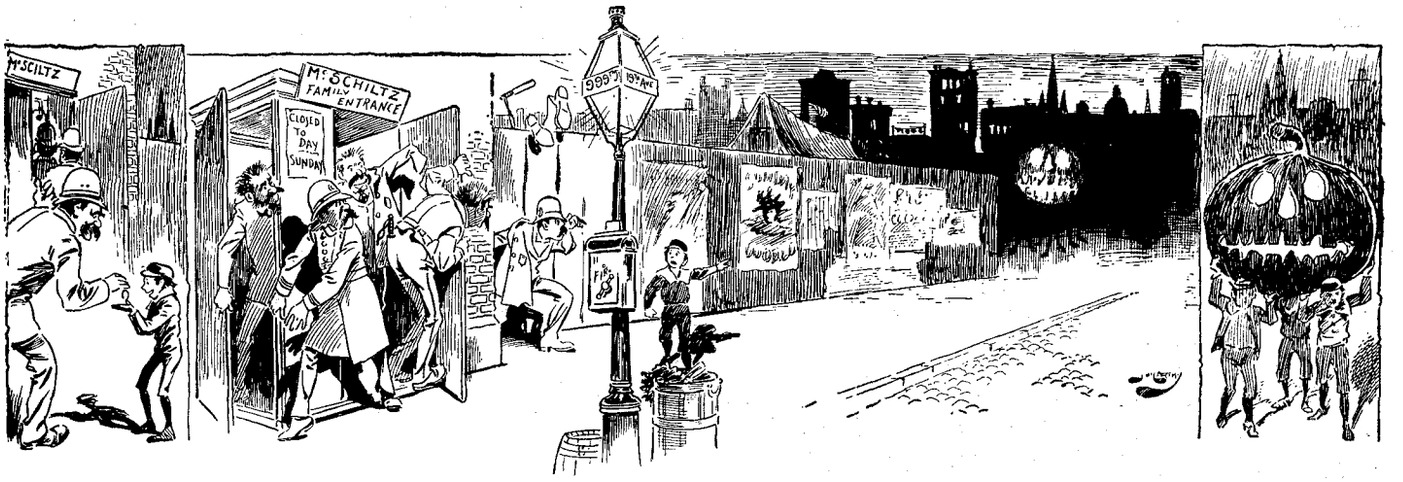


"A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE"
In the first panel of the drawing an urchin is bribed to keep watch; in the second he gives the alarm; and in the third the real cause of the disturbance is revealed

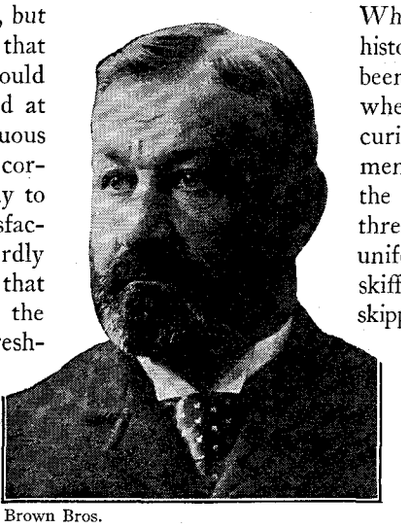
did "quite as much harm to decency and morality as the extremists of the other side." As for the political aspects, he voiced a challenge to the fanatics who said that the Republican party must adopt prohibition as its cause or be destroyed as the Whigs had been destroyed by the Abolitionists. He warned "this prohibition Samson, who boasts that he has his hands upon the pillars of the Republican temple . . . . lest he himself be crushed beneath the ruins . . . ."

But the struggle for morality by legislative fiat gathered force. The support of the churches had soon been enlisted and the alarm of the politicians increased. Curiously enough Roosevelt, whose paternalistic tendencies were pronounced and who believed in a federal divorce law, continued to feel that alcohol was an individual problem. On August 10, 1905, he addressed the Catholic Total Abstinence Society in convention at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and emphatically approved its purpose. Excessive use of intoxicants caused untold evil in the life of any man, but "in the last analysis the factor most influential . . . . must be the sum of that man's own qualities . . . . I believe in the work of these great temperance organizations . . . . But most of all in the efficacy of the man."

Three years later William Howard Taft was nominated for the Presidency, with the assistance of Roosevelt, and from the prohibitionists came demands that he sponsor the dry movement. President Roosevelt had kept a hand on every phase of the campaign, and was writing almost daily letters to Taft. On July 16, 1908 he wrote:

> . . . . Of course your position is absolutely sound. If ever there was a wicked attitude it is that of these fanatic extremists who advocate a law so drastic that it cannot be enforced, knowing perfectly well that lawlessness and contempt of law follow . . . . to pass prohibitory laws to govern localities where the sentiment does not sustain them is simply equivalent to allowing free liquor, plus lawlessness, and is the very worst possible way of solving the problem.

Had Roosevelt, as police commissioner, recalled the speech he had made in the legislature in 1884 he would have avoided great difficulty. But he was facing a situation, not a theory, and it was an extremely complicated situation. New York had been drifting along comfortably under a law which forbade the sale of liquor on Sunday. The front doors of the saloons were closed, but the workingman knew that a side or rear door would swing hospitably inward at the slightest touch. Virtuous vestrymen, passing the corner saloon on their way to church, saw with satisfaction that all was outwardly decorous. They knew that at their clubs, after the morning service, refreshment could be obtained. Despite this tranquillity, however, the Sunday closing law was a source of evil; the police enforced it against the saloon keepers who refused to buy protection. Roosevelt had not been in office for more than a few weeks before he attempted to solve the insoluble. His declaration of war read:



Brown Bros.

RICHARD CROKER
Tammany boss, who bided his time till the reform wave subsided

> I do not deal with public sentiment. I deal with the law. . . . I am going to see if we cannot break the license forthwith of any saloon-keeper who sells on Sunday. . . . This applies just as much to the biggest hotel as to the smallest frog-shop. . . . To allow a lax enforcement of the law means to allow it to be enforced just as far as the individual members of the police force are willing to wink at its evasion. . . . Woe be to the policeman who exposes himself to the taint of corruption.

Accompanied by columns of newspaper prediction that the day would be dry, the Roosevelt program of enforcement started on Sunday, June 23, 1895. Early on that day a small steamer, the S. S. *Sarah*, anchored in the Harlem River with a large sign over the side bearing the words: "No Whisky or Beer Aboard, but Plenty of Water. Try the Water. It's the Kind You Like." Whether word of this prehistoric Rum Row had been passed about, or whether they were merely curious, large numbers of men were soon pulling for the vessel in rowboats, and three stout policemen in uniform promptly hired a skiff of their own. The skipper of the *Sarah* saw them, however, and pulled anchor in time to steam away. Later in the day he returned, probably for additional customers anxious to sample the water. This time Roosevelt's men used guile. In plainclothes they rowed to the Sarah once more, boarded her and made their arrests.

At first, Roosevelt was dubious regarding the Sunday closing law. On June 30, 1895, he wrote his older sister that it was "altogether too strict," but that enforcement was the only alternative. Before the end of August, however, he had lost sight of his original beliefs, and told Lodge that "I have now begun

(Continued on Page 190)

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The Spotlight on Sports

Fall Frenzy

THAT fall madness, American football, is upon us, turning back the hands of the clock as does no other game, making us all boys again if only for a brief season.

These cool, crisp days see father trot out his toys. His playthings are double wing backs, split ends, cross bucks, spinners, shortside reverses and unbalanced lines. If he doesn't know precisely what all this jargon means, at least it's a harmless diversion and keeps him from "being his age."

When the ping of a punted football echoes through the stadium, the old grad drinks from the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon mistakenly sought in Florida. Not even the realization that he is everlastingly doomed to enter the Bowl through portal Z and peer between the goalposts at Albie Booth can dampen his enthusiasm. There's something about football that gets into the blood and makes us all perennial Peter Pans.

The Harvard Club of New York gave a dinner to Metropolitan football writers the other night. Thomas Lamont presided in his usual gracious manner. The eminent financier, partner in J. P. Morgan and Co., felt very much at home at a football gathering. He struck the keynote of this autumn frenzy when he said:

"When a man passes the fiftieth milestone he finds that the things that stick in his mind most vividly are the incidents and episodes of the school or college games he played or watched as a boy.

"Some of my friends here at this table saw me reading a newspaper down in the living room a little while ago. I afterwards discovered they were afraid to interrupt me—thought I was mulling over some abstruse problem in world finance.

"I hate to disillusion them, but the truth is I was reading the football news hot from the camps. The gold crisis naturally causes anxiety, but the thing that really worries us Harvard men is whether Eddie Casey can fashion a team good enough to trim Yale next November!

"As I grow older, Wall Street's great movements seem to fade in retrospect and lose their importance, but I never can forget Kinnard's drop kick or Casey's run—the one they didn't allow. Talk about that frustrated feeling, I can still hear the dismal whine of the referee's whistle and see his white-shirted arm like some harbinger of doom beckoning Mr. Casey to retrace his steps."

Massacre for Money

LAST Saturday was "Massacre day" on eastern gridirons. It takes two to stage this unedifying spectacle—a big university team (or rather four sets of eleven men), cast in the rôle of Roman conqueror, and a small college outfit, billed as the sacrificial goat.

Massacre day is firmly established by precedent if not by popular acclamation. All the best people celebrate it. Some of the bigger and better slaughters read like this: Dartmouth 56, Norwich 6; Cornell 68, Clarkson 0; Pittsburgh 64, Miami 0; Army 60, Ohio Northern 0; N. Y. U. 65, Hobart 0; Columbia 64, Middlebury 0—we could go on *ad lib.*, but you get the idea. What you probably don't get is the psychology that prompts these rather gruesome butcheries of hopelessly outclassed victims.

Prof. Freud would call it a sadistic complex. He would be wrong. The big fellows don't enjoy picking on the small fry; nor can it be said that the outweighed Lilliputians relish the body beating they must endure from giant adversaries who appear in relays, fresh every quarter. Certainly the spectators get few thrills from these football track meets. They're bored or disgusted or both. Even fire-eating old grads can get fed up on touchdowns.

Why then do these massacres take place each fall? The small college graduate managers are really to blame—like the baby in the soap advertisement they "won't be happy till they get it." In their case "it" means a cash guarantee. They need the money that can be made by playing in some Goliath's stadium. These mercenary-minded gentlemen unselfishly expose their pathetically small squads to the none too tender mercies of the amply fortified enemy. With the prize fight manager they can shout: "Go in there and fight, he can't hurt us!"

New Motor Boat Rules

RADICAL changes in the rules governing the Harmsworth motor boat races have been proposed by the International Committee as a sequel to Gar Wood's "Old Yankee Trick" on the Detroit River.

The amended code provides that challenging and defending nations be limited to one boat apiece. Furthermore these boats are to be started abreast of one another and raced neck and neck for the line to preclude any possibility of beating the gun. The straightaways will be lengthened considerably—a move which eliminates the tricky Detroit River Course. Finally, a disabled boat which fails to finish a heat will not be barred from further competition.

What are they trying to do anyhow—give the challenger an even break?

Baseball

FOR the third consecutive year, the Philadelphia Athletics represent the American League in the World's Series. They are likely to be the first baseball team to win three successive national championships. Pitching is seventy per cent of baseball, as Grove and Earnshaw have demonstrated.

Baseball is a business as well as a sport. Keen competition makes the turnstiles click. With Philadelphia already "in" by mid July, the fans in the seven other cities lost interest. Three pennants in a row for Connie Mack constitute a monopoly in restraint of gate receipts. Even Philadelphia patronage is lukewarm. The Athletics are too good. For the third season in succession they have won more than 100 games! That's a precedent-snapping achievement.

What to do? Disgruntled baseball writers in other cities have a simple solution—scrap the Athletics. "Come on Connie," they say, "be a good sport—break up your unbeatable club as you did back in 1914 and sell your stars piecemeal to the highest bidder. Prices in baseball ivory have skyrocketed since you sold Eddie Collins for a paltry thirty thousand dollars. You can make real money now and benefit baseball in the bargain."

Old Man Mack winks and says noth-

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ing. After sixty a fellow loses his zest for drastic gambles. He might be more willing to act the rôle of fairy godfather to the seven Cinderellas if he didn't cherish such poignant memories of the 1914 aftermath. Seven successive seasons in the American League cellar is an experience not lightly to be forgotten. Like the Indian elephant, which serves as the Athletics' famous insignia, Connie never forgets.

When he disbanded his colorless but mechanically flawless team in 1914, scattering McInnis, Baker, Barry and Collins into the laps of rival managers, Mack imagined that he could pick up top-notch replacements from sand lot and college diamond even as he had discovered his "$100,000 infield." He was quickly disillusioned.

Year after year, his motley assortment of raw recruits and aged veterans trailed home a dismal last. He lost more games in that stretch than he won in his seven championship seasons. His tail-enders set records for cumulative defeats even as they are now establishing winning marks. The once proud title "Athletics" became a term of derision in the press and on the ball field, a synonym for failure.

Mack spent several fortunes and tried out nearly 500 rookies before he assembled his present all conquering cast. He forsook the theory that he could develop headliners from crude and untrained novices and finally bought most of his champions "ready made" from the Class A minors.

Under the circumstances, Mack isn't disposed to tear down the efforts of a decade and build all over again just to boost alien gate receipts. Besides, he is enough of a baseball man to know that time is the great leveler. The disintegration of the erstwhile mighty New York Yankees demonstrates that the passing years can disrupt a winning combination without any deliberate "scrapping" of material. Men rust more quickly than metals. Success, long sustained, cloys and stifles ambition. Time's relentless scythe will cut down Grove, Earnshaw, Cochrane, Foxx and Simmons to the common plane.

It seems only yesterday that people were begging Colonel Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, to turn Samaritan and dismantle his juggernaut. He refused. Whereupon the "inhuman machine" fell apart in very human fashion. The collapse came suddenly. So it will be with the Athletics. Meanwhile, their spread-eagling parade proves the essential honesty of baseball.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▸▸ The Week in Business ◂◂

▸▸*Fact-Facing Week*

WITH governments and industries laying aside their rose-colored spectacles and taking a good look at actualities, the past week has seen real progress made toward business recovery. England's reluctant decision to let sterling find its own level was the high spot, but the reduction of wage schedules in the steel industry was action of almost equal importance. Continued restriction of petroleum output, particularly in the East Texas fields, was a third pivotal factor.

The developments of this most hectic week since 1929 are interpreted favorably by most of the leading bankers, economists and industrial executives. The behavior of the investment markets also indicated that a new basis of confidence and hope had been reached. The stock spurt, led by the oversold rails, was slowed up by profit-taking, but the feeling of buoyancy engendered by it was by no means completely dissipated at the end of the week.

Adjustments must, of course, continue on all fronts. It would be comforting to accept the cheerful announcements from Wellesley Hills and other centers of forecasting, but we do not believe that we have "turned the corner" yet, nor anything like it. We are still involved in a tangle of world finance. We are still wrestling with tremendous internal problems, and have no choice but to stay on the mat until we have downed them.

There remains, however, the encouraging fact that we are at last facing conditions as they are, and doing something more than talk about them. That spirit will eventually lead us up to the corner, and safely around it.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926 = 100) September 24—68.6. (Crump's British Index—1926 = 100) September 24—62.3.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.). Five-day period ended September 12—667,750 cars (reduction of 91,796 under preceding week and of 293,063 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION. Week ended September 19—32% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week; reduction of 28% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION. Week ended September 19—daily average gross 2,201,600 barrels (increase of 282,600 over preceding week; reduction of 220,200 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's). Week ended September 24—$7,539,605,000 (reduction of 1.3% under preceding week and of 15.8% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.). Week ended September 24—483 (increase of 57 over preceding week; reduction of 5 under same week of 1930).

▸▸*Checking Mr. Giannini*

SINCE 1904, when he entered the banking field in San Francisco by organizing the Italian Bank of California (afterward known as the Bank of Italy) A. P. Giannini has been a vigorous and picturesque figure in the development of chain banking in the United States.

During the earthquake in 1906 his building was destroyed by fire, but he loaded the bank's cash, securities and records onto a dray, hauled them to his home and buried them in his garden. While the ruins were still warm, he reopened his banking business on the water-front and made notable progress during the panic of 1907, when he was able to pay out gold while other banks were suspending payments.

In 1910 Mr. Giannini moved his Bank of Italy into Market Street and began his remarkable expansion, adding branch after branch until California was dotted with his outposts. In 1918 he organized the Bancitaly Corporation, one of the first investment trusts in this country, and in 1928 the Transamerica Corporation, to control his eastern banking interests centering in the Bank of America in New York.

When Mr. Giannini invaded the East, his troubles began. On September 23 it was announced that he, his son Lawrence and Attilio H. Giannini, founders of Transamerica, had been replaced on the Transamerica board by three partners of Lee, Higginson & Co., bankers

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for Kreuger & Toll, the Swedish match manufacturers.

A. P. Giannini charges Elisha Walker, new chairman of the board, with unethical use of proxies in the ouster procedure, and is trying to rally his stockholders for a fight to regain control. The new officers, however, seem to have the whip hand, and another mirage of a colossal banking chain appears to have faded into thin air.

▶▶ *Vagaries—Series 25*

Our international correspondents having been particularly active, we lead off Series 25 with business oddities from England, Germany, Austria and South Africa:

1. Greatest transportation feat ever attempted in the construction of an Atlantic liner—use of a special train to convey from Darlington to the Clyde Bank the enormous castings comprising the stern frame and shaft brackets for the new 73,000-ton Cunarder.

2. Successful testing at Kiel of a new airplane catapult in which not only the skid but also the launching way moves forward as the plane starts on its journey. The device uses compressed air, at a pressure of 30 to 40 atmospheres.

3. New use for airplanes in Vienna—transportation to Venice, under direction of the Vienna Animal Protection Society, of 22,000 swallows driven down in Austria by a wintry rain and sleet storm.

4. Invention by Dr. R. T. A. Innes, delegate of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science to a convention of scientists in London, of a system of stereoscopic film projections by which it will be possible to see figures and scenes in lifelike relief.

5. Civic advertising in Chicago—conductors will give visitors population statistics and taxicab drivers will present figures covering daily slaughterings in the stock yards.

6. Support of cotton growing by one of Atlanta's largest department stores, which will exchange merchandise for 5,000 bales on the basis of one cent per pound above the ruling market price.

▶▶ *Checking Mr. G.'s System*

Gaines T. Cartinhour's *Branch Group and Chain Banking* (Macmillan, $4.50) coming out just as the Gianninis are packed up and sent back West, hits the psychological moment if a book on banking ever did. The author is assistant professor of banking and finance at New York University. Frank A. Fall.

▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

Until all theatres are fitted with devices to control the temperature in hot as well as cold weather, opening plays in August or September in houses not so equipped will remain an even more hazardous business than it would otherwise be. Tuesday, the twenty-second of September, was one of those muggy, hot, slimy nights when the only sensible places to be were on a cruise to Halifax or lying on a cake of ice in the bathtub. Going to an uncooled theatre in such weather came under the head of self-torture—unless one were compelled to in the course of duty.

On that evening Somerset Maugham's comedy, *The Breadwinner*, was first exposed to the gaze of New York critics. And you may have read what they did to it! So surprised was I by the vehemence with which it was attacked in the two papers it is my habit to read that I got most of the others and found the opinion of the pundits to be almost unanimous that Mr. Maugham had committed a major offense to our self-respect in expecting us to sit through such stuff. Having heard good reports of the piece when it was played in London, it was obviously my task to go the following night and try to deduce what caused the discrepancy. But from what Messrs. Hammond, Atkinson, Brown and the rest wrote, Gosh, how I dreaded it! Well, on the cooler Wednesday I thought that it was the first grownup entertainment in the theatre that has been given us this season.

Perhaps *The Breadwinner* is a slender tale and maybe Mr. Maugham *has* been lazy in its writing. I grant both points, but maintain that it is still a lot better than the great majority of successful plays. Between the author and A. E. Matthews, who plays the part, Charles Battle comes out as a believably satiric figure with whose plight I am sure every man in the audience is in thorough sympathy. He has undergone a failure on the stock exchange and, having saved twenty thousand pounds out of the wreck, proposes to leave his wife and brats with fifteen thousand and live on the income from the other five doing nothing or whatever pleases him. Although in outline similar to the Gauginesque character in *The Moon and Sixpence*, Mr. Battle does nothing melodramatic. He simply and quietly tells his family he is leaving them because they bore him and, notwithstanding their incredulity, does. Marie Löhr, in her first American appearance in a long while, plays a wife that there is every reason for leaving. Eleanor Woodruff and Betty Linley have effective farcical scenes with Mr. Matthews in the last act. But, in justice to the reviewers on the daily papers, I can imagine nothing more irritating on a hot night than having to listen to Mr. Eric Cowley's "popsy-wopsy," "Alfy-walfy" and "drinkie-winkie" lines. Why the author thought an already exaggerated part had to be decked out with such dreary burlesque inanities I don't know. It was a dirty trick on Mr. Cowley, a good actor who had to speak them.

He, from the French of Alfred Savoir, is the Theatre Guild and Chester Erskin, the director and adaptor, at their most emptily pretentious. Even if you're a Guild subscriber I advise giving your tickets to the cook and preparing the dinner yourself if it's not her night off. As in the case of *I Love an Actress*, Mr. Erskin has swamped what might have started out as a mildly amusing conceit with a massive, slow production. Plays in which a lunatic imagines he is God and convinces a group of Free-thinkers who have assembled to abolish Him that he is God depend for their success on sprightly acting and not on whether a pendulum in a clock upstage center keeps working realistically. Taking actors who in the past have given much better performances than those in *I Love an Actress*, Mr. Erskin makes those in *He* seem just as dull except for Claude Rains who must have seen it in Paris and who alone plays his part with any verve or comic perception.

Otis Chatfield-Taylor.

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The New Movies

Palmy Days

MASTER EDDIE CANTOR returns to the gags in this one and does so with great success. I cannot tell you whether or not it is as good as "Whoopee," providing "Whoopee" was good, because I did not see it. In fact one of the sights of the city was my staying away from it. Eddie Cantor has always left me colder than a Japanese reception to aerial photographers. But this time, so help me, I found the gentleman funny and his film fine entertainment. Take a look.

I suspect that "Palmy Days" is a triumph of filming over material because it is pretty much the old stuff that has been bandied threadbare by musical comedies. You know how it is. The hero gets into trouble. You can see it coming, and so could he, but nevertheless into it he goes. Then he is wistful and finally vindicated. A heroine and some sap she had thrust at her by the author make feeble goo-goo at each other, and a villain lays villainy about him until he is confounded. Interspersed are songs and sayings. The old formula as grandfather knew it.

Now "Palmy Days" has all the above, and the songs are mediocre and the sayings about what you would expect. The story—don't go, I won't get too detailed about it—tells of Cantor being precipitated into a job as efficiency man for a musical comedy doughnut factory. He makes good and gets in bad, but love and happiness reward him. Numerous girls go through didoes in the rhythms of the dance, and a lot of acting is thrown into the ramifications of the plot.

However, it is good fun, mostly clean. My undercurrent is not a sour one, and perhaps you should pay no attention to the above. With this the movie producers have broken away from the stage manner of presenting song and dance shows that they used so much when talkies first came in. The routines are adapted to the camera with goodish ingenuity and the actions are hither and thither and not confined to one spot. There is a diffusion of sets that keeps the eye amused. "Palmy Days" has the tempo a film should have.

I don't know where I have been all my life that I did not like Cantor. This picture shows him good natured, ready for a tumble, and most pleasant when warbling a song or two. Somewhat whimsical, he wanders through the plot without letting it touch him much, and sends everybody home feeling that he is just what is needed to make a good film better.

My informants, whom you can trust as much as I can, spring the information that music will be revived by the gents in the Hollywood. If you remember, sound came in with a great burst of tintinnabulation. No movie complete, so to speak, without at least a theme song. Then came silence from the orchestras as people got tired of musical shows and Sadie Whoozis warbling out of a window for no good reason. "Palmy Days" has shown that musical comedy can be treated correctly in a studio, and signs here and there have shown the immense value of incidental music in non-musical films. The fact that previously when a character kerplunked across a room the sound apparatus made it possible to reproduce the kerplunking justified doing so, no longer holds. The better produced films will accompany the action with violins, tubas and such, which is as it should be. The painful heavings of a tormented heroine will not embarrass a whole theatre as formerly. They will be timed to coincide with some sad melody.

Worth Seeing

BAD GIRL: A simple story of a couple's marriage and baby, effective because of its honesty.

MIRACLE WOMAN: Cash and carry evangelism dispensed by sexy Barbara Stanwyck.

THE DREYFUS CASE: Surprisingly dramatic film account of the famous French treason trial. Not to be missed.

STAR WITNESS: An ordinary American family becomes involved in a gang murder. Different.

STREET SCENE: Elmer Rice's stage play brought to the screen with fine effect by King Vidor and Sylvia Sidney. Life in a New York tenement.

TRANSATLANTIC: Cleverly photographed mystery melodrama aboard a big ocean liner.

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER: Clara Kimball Young returns as the referee in a swarming boarding house. Heavily dramatic.

NOT SO GOOD, THE AMERICAN TRAGEDY, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON with George Arliss, are interesting, but not up to expectations.

Riders of the Purple Sage

Well, well, the old favorite is back again. You know the story, all Westerns are alike, and this one has been done before. What goes on, and how, makes little difference in these. The men are He, the women are innocence itself, and the villains are tough, so tough. Myself, I never pay any attention to what happens and have a good time watching the scenery and the riding. There is a healthy avalanche tossed into this for good measure.

East of Borneo

Here is the old Hollywood hokum, the lay-it-on-thick-and-make-em-like-it spirit that used to be rife when you and I were pantalooning into the nickelodeons. You don't believe it and you never get any farther east of Borneo than Broadway and 44th Street. The whole thing is so obviously and completely faked, and makes no claims otherwise, that you do not worry about it and just take it as is.

The story concerns a lady who went into the jungle, that creeping, crawling jungle of the Hollywood imagination, and mine too, as a matter of fact, to reclaim her husband. This gent, a doctor, has gone drunken in the home of a polished Maharajah or whatever they have in Borneo. When the lady arrives the royal bum gets a feeling for her and causes all kinds of trouble to the couple. In the end a kindly volcano lets go and rescues them while lava flows and cities crumble.

The whole effect is a cross between "Trader Horn" and "The Green Goddess" gone ga-ga. The dialogue is distressing in its simplicity. Animals crawl, creep, fly and leap all over the thing. Death rears its ugly head and cruelty is evident on every reel. It has all the quality of a five- and ten-cent store emerald. Grant all that, then go take it at its face value and you will be diverted in a small way. If the junk is spread smoothly enough I for one don't mind it for a change. Rose Hobart is almost believable as the heroine and Charles Bickford struggles as the hero.

OLIVER CLAXTON.

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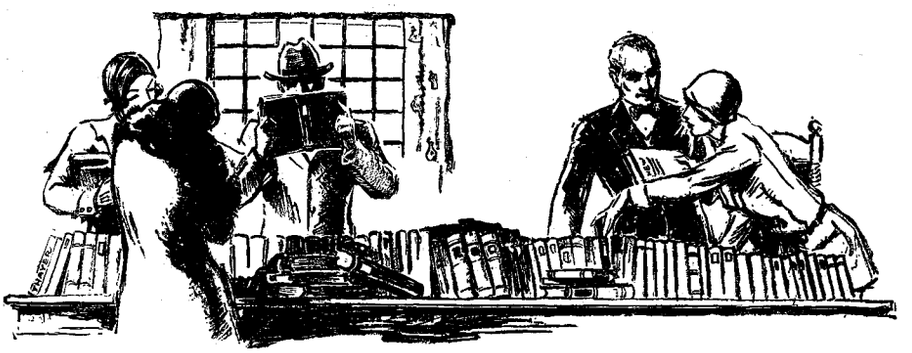
The New Books



The Week's Reading

Benedict Arnold: Patriot and Traitor
By Oscar Sherwin
The Century Company, $4.00

Much harm has come from the unchecked belief that Washington fought the Revolutionary War without a breath of opposition, personal or political, and that Benedict Arnold was never anything but a traitor. This study, while it can hardly lay claim to the originality that derives from unearthing new source material, should do much by way of correcting the above beliefs. Had Arnold died October 7, 1777, there would now be a monument to him on virtually every courthouse square and school children would salute at the mention of his name. For Ticonderoga, Maine, Stanwix and Saratoga were his victories, won by what seems to have been matchless strategy and through the shedding of his own blood. Why then did he become a traitor? This book is dedicated to the memory of his wife, Peggy Shippen Arnold, and everything that can be said in Arnold's favor is said. There is not, however, one page of the 395 that can be set down as "pro-Arnold." The fact is this: There is not a shadow of reason to believe that Arnold would ever have become a traitor had he received the recognition that Washington all along claimed he should have had. But Congress slighted him, Pennsylvania bullied him, the Board of War humiliated him, Gates insulted him, the Colonies even delayed paying him what they actually owed him. And he went over to the other side; and he did so at a time when he badly needed money. In truth he always needed money. So did his wife, of whom Mr. Sherwin has drawn a picture of great charm. We must remember, however, in thinking on this saddest of all stories in American history, that when Benedict Arnold did what he did the lines were not so sharply drawn between the Colonial rebels and the British royalists. Every schoolboy should read the book to the end that he may see the difference between unquestioned greatness and near or would-be greatness. Washington himself had abundant reason to sulk in his own tent, but Washington knew that comrades don't come rushing up to us with expressions of gratitude when we have led where others only followed. Arnold, expecting this same gratitude and failing to get it, lost first himself and then everything he had once been, and became the only thing that school children know he ever was, a traitor. There are a number of admirable illustrations, a thorough index, a most voluminous bibliography. Though there is negligible evidence that the actual writing of the book was done hastily, it remains, due to its great mass of correlated information, a superior study to the one on the same subject by Jared Sparks, or Charles Todd, or Gamaliel Bradford, or anybody else.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Perhaps Women
By Sherwood Anderson
Horace Liveright, $2.00

"This little book," the author tells us, "is a record of thoughts, of feeling in the presence of something amazing in modern life—the machine." In Carolina cotton mills and in Michigan automobile factories Mr. Anderson saw men subjugated by machinery and rendered impotent by it. The poet in this book marveled more at the beauty and the precision with which the machines did their work than he bewailed the fact that the spirit should have gone out of men in obeisance to the iron masters. This little work is strangely lacking in the poeticized diatribes that poetically minded litterateurs, among others, hurl against the indifferent flanks of that composite thing known as The Machine. To the extent that "Perhaps Women" has a philosophy it is that men should not serve the machine except in such short shifts that it shall not be able to impose its will too harshly on them, rendering them frustrate; and that clause in its philosophy which explains the title may be compressed in the phrase that perhaps women, not having allowed themselves to become spiritually subservient to the machine, as have men, will guide men back to spiritual self-reliance, the backbone quality of the machineless American pioneer. Man has already drained out of himself all the power he had in the service of the machine. "I think it is time now for women to come into power in the western world, to take over the power, the control of life." Perhaps they already have, he thinks, and men do not know it.

Mr. Anderson does not presume to be an economist and he brushes over lightly the overshadowing fact of unemployment and the related economic facts deriving from the overshadowing fact. His book is a wistful expression of concern over what the machine has done to the souls of men. And in the loose form which the expression of his feeling on this subject has taken, he allows himself a rather acute expression of his own place in American life, an expression which every biographer and commentator will want to quote some time: "As for myself, all of my success as a writer has been in telling the story of failure." Until a true perspective has been gained, we hesitate to add to Mr. Anderson's remark the postscript: perhaps his own.

HARRY SALPETER.

Sister Aimee
By Nancy Barr Mavity
Doubleday, Doran, $2.50

Some significance probably lies in the fact that between the printing and the release of this book Aimee Elizabeth Kennedy Semple McPherson took unto herself a third husband. From this do not infer that Sister Aimee is the marrying kind. She isn't and never was. An adventurer from the start, she took her first husband—lowly Pentecostal preacher and iron worker that he was—in the hope of going to China—and her second, a grocery salesman, in utter desperation. Until cleared

Fiction Worth Reading

The Corn King and the Spring Queen, by Naomi Mitchison: Harcourt, Brace. A highly readable historical novel which vividly recreates Grecian civilization in the third century B. C.

Pan's Parish, by Louise Redfield Peattie: Century. A charming and exotic tale of the strange happenings in the little Provencal village of Fantosque.

Shadows On the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the days of Frontenac.

The Story of Julian, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. Young love and its problems in an English village, by the author of Madame Claire and The Galaxy.

All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West: Doubleday, Doran. A witty and lovely fantasy of old age.

NON-FICTION

Coconut Oil, by Corey Ford: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. June Triplett's latest adventures told in the manner of the best known African explorers.

The Tragic Queen, by Andrew Lakers: Houghton Mifflin. Lovers of English history will enjoy this excellent biography of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright. Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. The Congressional Library's present most popular book.

Living Philosophies, A Symposium: Simon & Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers.

Will America Become Catholic? by John F. Moore: Harper. The sanest discussion of the actual position of the Catholic Church in the United States which has yet appeared.

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of them both Aimee was, as Miss Mavity says, a flamingo in a chicken coop. No, the significance of her latest marriage lies somewhere else, perhaps in her irrationality, her dependence upon impulses and hunches, of which her removal to Los Angeles was the most successful, perhaps in a belated flight from self, of which her 1926 disappearance was the prime example.

Understanding Aimee, however, is not an American characteristic. She is and has been for long the product either of hatred, worship or sneers. Fortunately Miss Mavity has avoided all that. Her book has all the appearances of impartiality and of genuine research. In addition it has a remarkably interesting and detailed narrative of Aimee's disappearance and subsequent entanglements with the California courts. *Sister Aimee* is more than worth while, unless you dismiss the persons you dislike. At least it will make you think, something rarely done either by or about Canada's Gift to California.

DON WHARTON.

What Life Should Mean to You
By Alfred Adler
Little Brown and Co., $3.00

Readers of Dr. Adler's works on Individual Psychology, of which he is the foremost proponent, will recognize here a simple recapitulation, couched in terms calculated to reach that mythical character, the lay reader. It is a restatement of the theory of the inferiority complex in an attempt to apply it to those universal problems that beset this same mythical character, so that the red and yellow dust-cover inquires boldly, "What is Life?" "What is Love?" "Why do Children Cry?" and other such questions, implying that all answers dwell between these covers.

It must be obvious that no one theory can attempt to solve these matters and retain its scientific integrity. This book falls into every pitfall which lies in wait for such ambitious "humanizings" of knowledge. It is general, it fails to define, it waves away all conflicting theories instead of examining them, and it makes predictions instead of confining itself to deductions. Thus, a definition which declares that the inferiority complex "appears before a problem for which an individual is not properly adapted or equipped" must, even to the most uninformed of lay readers, seem insufficient. A man faces an automobile. He cannot drive it, since he has not been properly adapted or equipped to do so. Does he feel inferior? Not at all. He knows that he cannot solve this problem because he has not studied the automobile, and he knows that he is no more inferior to the man who drives than he is superior to him for knowing how to play chess, of which the driver, let us say, is ignorant.

We read, in reference to a theory of heredity, "but we have seen that this is a superstition." Considering the great mass of data that has been collected, pointing toward the existence of hereditary tendencies, this summary rejection is rash and ill-considered. We read, also, that Freud's theory of dreams lacks common sense, and that his Oedipus complex is a mistake. If the lay reader comes to accept such dogmatic statements without blinking an eye, this book will have done him an ill turn.

The aforementioned defects almost obscure the book's definite qualities. The chapters on early memories, adolescence, family influences and school influences are really good, since they are centered about Dr. Adler's most important contribution to psychology—the study of the child mind. No one has done as much as he to make possible a scientific treatment of psychopathic children; parents will find these chapters signposts towards an understanding of their problems. I should recommend that they read his other, more scientific books.

N. L. ROTHMAN.

The Wild Orchid
By Sigrid Undset
Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50

When young Paul, Madame Undset's new protagonist, first hears the wild orchid's name, gymnadenia, he imagines a redolent, sweet blossom of dazzling form. But the gymnadenia turns out a whitish little flower, frail and almost scentless. He is disappointed. Later, in the chaos of a first passion, he finds that his love, too, pales in the face of a tenuous reality. Thus Madame Undset takes the wild orchid as a symbol of human disillusion. Parallel to Paul's emotional development spreads, more slowly and more closely bound to the subconscious, his spiritual growth. Living in Norway in the decades before the War, Paul, whose parents are divorced and whose mother manages a business, learns to accept a negation of God. His mother's generation, freshly escaped from rigid dogma, has taken science for its slogan. This fills Paul's

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need until, as a student, he goes to board in a Catholic household. There the unquestioning atmosphere of faith pricks him to wonder. He comes to feel that if Jesus is truly present in the Mass, life must have some richer meaning, unutterably important and profound. He is still in quest of this belief when, married to a plumply stupid little wife and father to a new baby, Madame Undset arbitrarily closes his story. The end of the book is a suspension. You receive only a part of the feast in *The Wild Orchid*. But the portion allotted you is royally honest, dignified and absorbing.

Green Memory
By M. Barnard Eldershaw
Harcourt, Brace, $2.00

Sixty years ago, a mid-Victorian mamma and her five children, living rather splendidly in the fashionable quarters of Sydney, find themselves suddenly stripped of all the amenities they swear by when papa, rather than face dishonor, shoots himself, one early morning, under the family lemon gum trees. Lucy, the oldest child and papa's recognized favorite, sacrifices herself for the others. She becomes *chargé d'affaires*. She it is who works toward the boys' education, nurtures mamma, holds up the fallen social standards to her eight-year-old sister. Charlotte, the other sister, marries the rich son of a grocer. The battle of the book takes place between Lucy and Charlotte who, one by stern effort and the other by outpoured sympathy, seek possession of the family. Lucy alone keeps green the memory of her father's ambitions for them all. Her failure to swing them to his standards is the gall of her life. M. Barnard Eldershaw, who is a composite of two Australian women writing in collaboration, digs into the roots of each member of the family to build up, through the pages, the inevitable psychological effect, upon each, of poverty and social disgrace. The critical moments of the story are in themselves obviously dramatic. Bankruptcy, suicide and children's terrors make easy inroads upon your imagination. Yet the careful honesty with which the characters are analyzed brings its reward. You find them solidly limned against your memory.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Sir Walter Raleigh: That Damned Upstart
By Donald Barr Chidsey
John Day, $3.75

The poorest thing about Mr. Chidsey's *Life of Raleigh* is the subtitle. Raleigh was not an upstart, whoever called him so. He is much better described by the publisher's note as adventurer, privateer, soldier, poet, courtier, explorer, scholar. He was also no mean scientist for his time—naturally most so in geography—and he is said to have helped found the Royal Society. Moreover, he was a gentleman in the broad modern sense, and that whether the tale of Queen Elizabeth, the mud puddle and Raleigh's coat is fact or legend.

When Mr. Chidsey's "Marlborough" was published in England the serious-minded London *Times* feared that English readers might not approve of Mr. Chidsey's style because "it is quaint, humorous, and sometimes a little colloquial but always graphic." For these very reasons we believe that Americans will find the present volume highly enjoyable. Particularly it will suit younger readers; it has rapid pace, high lights on the high points, dialogue (largely fictionized) and the fine, full flavor of courage, romance and adventure. A good specimen of the author's homely way of putting things is his picture of Elizabeth as a diplomat: "Elizabeth ruled like a fussy housewife, a shrew, bossing everybody, putting things in their places, scolding, shrilling, thinking only of her own dominions, wherein her authority was absolute, concerned only with her neighbors as they affected her own children or her establishment, and not at all troubled about persons who lived on the other side of town." Yes; and men like Raleigh paid the bills. But behind it all Elizabeth had in heart the line that Snowden quoted so effectively the other day, "England yet shall stand."

R. D. TOWNSEND.

Behind the Blurbs

The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkins
By Lord Dunsany
Putnam, $2.00

Primed with a highball or two, Mr. Jorkins would sit in his chair at the club and relate tall tales of adventure in strange eastern lands—tales which Lord Dunsany has been privileged to set down for us. There's the story of the man who visited Mars, where humans are lower animals, of the Abu Laheeb, who lives in the papyrus swamps, of the Electric King, the Witch of the Willows, and many others. But if the fantastic bores or irritates you, you'd better not read them.

Strange Animals I Have Known
By Raymond L. Ditmars
Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $3.50

Fantastic enough are these true tales of animals and reptiles, by the curator of the same at the New York Zoo. Dr. Ditmars writes entertainingly and he has thirty years of experience to draw from. Particularly interesting are the chapters dealing with snakes and the development of anti-snakebite serum. But that job of extracting the venom from the fangs of live cobras is not for us. Incidentally the book contains in a chapter on weather one of the simplest explanations of that subject we have ever seen. Those who are in the habit of cursing out the weatherman when his predictions go sour, should read it.

Scaramouche the King-Maker
By Rafael Sabatini
Houghton Mifflin, $2.50

Further adventures of that André-Louis Moreau, known as Scaramouche, whom you may remember as the hero of Sabatini's best novel. This book, while better than the last few of Sabatini's we've read, is nowhere near as good as Scaramouche. This is only following the rule that the hero's return is apt to be rather a pedestrian affair, even if he doesn't visibly limp. Still and all, there is interest and some excitement in this book: good pictures of the Terror, and the development of a complicated, ingenious and dangerous campaign by which Scaramouche and his Royalist friends endeavor to discredit Robespierre and his associates in the eyes of the people.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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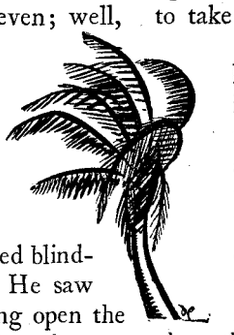
From the Life

Out of Work

As he passed the post office he hesitated. Shall I go in? he thought. To write a few words on paper, "Mama—I must go away—anywhere—on the road—to far cities—to make the money. I have no work." Only the sack."

No. He could not. He must leave her. But if he should once go home, if he should look at her and try to tell her that he—that he had no more work! If he should see it once on paper, even; well, that would be the end of it.



As he stiffened his shoulders and walked resolutely past the post office a picture crossed his mind so contemptible, so horrible to entertain, that he closed his eyes and for a moment tramped blindly down the familiar street. He saw himself turning home, pushing open the kitchen door, and finding her there—small and anxious and loving—saw himself pushing her into a chair, on his knees before her, his head down on her aproned lap; crying: What shall I do? Mama! What is to become of us?

It was terrible. He felt cold suddenly and opened his eyes. To close them only shut the picture up inside him. The sweat was pouring down his face and he thought: What! Am I going to be sick? Will they take me home to lie in bed and be a log around her neck?

The darkness had come down suddenly when he passed the cottage that reminded him of his father. He had been trying not to think of his father. There was something about the strange cottage, with its one bright window, the shade pulled high and crooked, and the distorted shadow on the wall, that brought it all back to him. His father. And the night—years ago—half his life past—that his mother walked like that between the lamp and the light of the fire. He had sat quiet, not looking at her, seeing only that shadow, big and twisted, sliding from one wall to the other. He remembered now, that had been the third night. And his father had not come home. Nor the next one. Nor any night since. And now he could see that while he had thought himself watching shadows on the wall, he had been hating his father. And frightened too of what his father might be doing. And all the time scared and swaggering inside himself, saying, Well, never mind; she would get over it and he would show her; he would work for her; he would grow big and take care of her. But he had never said it. She had said—but not in English, in her own tongue she always spoke of him—she had said once, twice, many times. *He is dead—he would return—only that he cannot—he is dead.* For a long time too, there was the business about his father's coat. The best one. Left hanging on a nail. Until he had asked himself, is she going queer? Holding the coat like a baby, rocking it.

But it is not the same thing with a son, he told himself fiercely, feeling cold again in spite of the tramping. A son to take the place of his father.

The days that followed, one like another, were many and idle, with little work to be found along the road. And at the end of each day was an uneasiness that felt like sickness. Then he would remember that old rage against his father. There was a queer comfort in it. It let his feelings out; and was better than thinking, what was happening to his mother?

Sometimes, too, in the employment offices of the small towns he could talk to the men beside him about what were they going to do if work didn't pick up? That made him feel better; especially if the men were of his own nationality and spoke his mother's tongue. Like the fellow that stared at him one day and spoke to him first in his own language.

"Laborer?"

"Laborer. At anything."

"Bad about the work," said the older man in a flat tone.

"Terrible!" burst out the younger man in a kind of desperation.

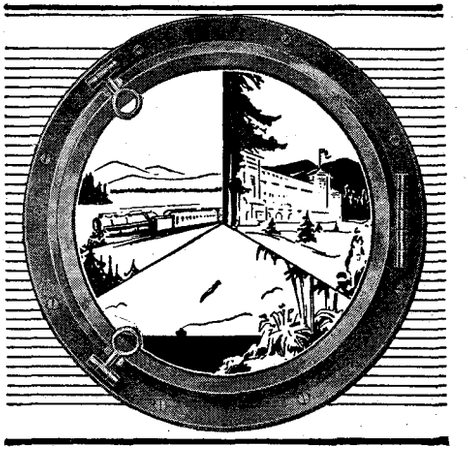
The other man looked at him strangely. It might have been a hopeless look. It might have been resignation. "Don't say it," he said. "No. Don't ever say it. You know how long ago I lost my job? Fifteen years past. I was afraid. Like you . . . . Scared to go home. Ashamed to tell my wife. And so I start out on the road. I say to myself, soon I find work; soon I go home. You see me now? He looked at the floor or certainly he must have noticed the bulging eyes of the younger man. "Soon, it is too late. Fifteen years—and still I am more ashamed—to go home. But see, a man can lose himself? Then there is nothing."

"Will you—will you tell me your name?" stammered the young fellow. The older one looked up and replied.

"Well, then, you are my father . . . . See? I shall go now and send her a message to come to us . . . . Here."

Ibby Hall.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Winter Migrants

Many are interested in a change of scene during the next six months, urged either by health or just the desires of their own hearts. ¶ Whichever it is, the Outlook Travel Bureau was created to be of assistance in such times of need. ¶ We have many suggestions to make — among them resorts, quiet towns, haciendas, the southern half of our country from the Atlantic Coast and Gulf States through Arizona and New Mexico to Southern California. ¶ On our neighbor islands hundreds of ships will pour out cargoes of visitors eager for a West Indian or Caribbean holiday. ¶ Mexico will lure her share. ¶ South American Cruises will vie with World Cruises, Pacific Cruises, Mediterranean Cruises. ¶ With the world to choose from you will need the help freely given by The Outlook Travel Bureau. ¶ Address your inquiries to Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
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Music

Notable New Recordings

AT LONG, long last the phonograph industry seems to be taking a few tentative steps in the direction of correcting some of its more obvious ills. Records which will play for fifteen minutes, although not yet on the market, will soon be issued by the RCA Victor Company. I have heard them and it is a pleasure to report to you that not only do they play longer, but that the surface scratch has been noticeably reduced as well. Another far from inconsiderable advantage of the new disks is the fact that they are flexible, only about a quarter the thickness of the old ones, unbreakable—except by actual creasing—and much lighter in weight. The new Victors are recorded on both sides and are of a solid composition called Victrolac. The longer playing time is obtained by slowing down the turntable speed and by introducing almost double the number of sound-bearing grooves on the playing surface.

How are you going to play these records on your machine? You will have to do one of two things: buy a new machine which has a turntable which will turn at either the old or the new speed, or get some sort of gearshift arrangement to put on your old one. So far all I have seen is a dandy little model which has the two turntable speeds, home and radio recording and improved record changing at the modest price of $995.

However, they talk of a gearshift for about ten dollars and a new radio-phonograph with both speeds at a hundred and fifteen. That, in turn, has given rise to any amount of threats and boasts from other companies—notably the Durium and Capehart—that as, if and when the Victor products actually appear on the market they will undersell them on records, machines and gearshifts. Columbia and Brunswick have not announced their intentions, if any. In the meanwhile, after discounting claims, it would seem that relief is in sight, both from the standpoint of better long-playing records and that of price, but that the wise investor will make no large commitments at the moment.

O. C.-T.

▸▸ Prose and Worse ◂◂

YOU can get used to anything, we suppose. The Egyptians could have got used to the locusts and the flies and the other varmints if these pests had crept up on them gradually instead of overwhelming them at one blow. If the locusts hadn't given themselves so much adverse publicity by darkening the sky and eating everything up in one night, if they had crawled into Egypt in small companies, eating a tree here and field there, no one would have paid much attention to them and they could have made a good living off the Egyptians for centuries. Of course there would have been a few noisy prophets who would have seen how things were going and would have issued warning bulletins and so on. But prophets are unpopular; they would have been shouted down or hung up as calamity howlers, and the locusts would have had a swell time.

It is not necessarily the duty, and it certainly isn't the pleasure of this column to issue minor prophecies, but there is one menace to which we think the attention of the American people should be called. We refer to the plague of wisecracks which has crept upon us rather insidiously, but is now beginning to cast a perceptible shadow not only over the city streets, but even over the unspoiled countryside. At its best it is far worse than the plague of puns that swept over England a generation or two ago. At its worst it is a disease which threatens the foundations of our national life. Confined to the theatres a few years ago, it has gradually invaded all phases of our existence. The radio has brought it into our homes. It has even tainted the pulpit.

A few days ago we made a short motor flight into the hinterland. We had left behind us—we thought in our innocence—the joke-infested radios, the vulgar, vocal newsreel accompanist, all the cheap machine-made patter that is responsible for the growing demand for bigger and better ear plugs. We were out in the green, untainted country, where we could pursue our own thoughts, undistracted by the wisecrackers. And what did we see?

A company called Interstate Displays (*hab.* Buffalo) has put up signs a few hundred yards apart on the road we took out of New York, and on these signs are the worst, the poorest, the cheapest wisecracks we have ever seen. You see one of these signs ahead. "Aha," you say, "perhaps this will tell where we take that turn so we won't have to go through the city." You come closer—and read: "Men run after wild women, but they marry tame ones." Or: "Cleopatra made her Mark." Or: "An elevated railroad is a highway." And so on, for miles and miles. We won't repeat more of them for you. There are dozens, but we think we have said enough to show you what we mean.

It is true all their signs weren't wisecracks. For a few miles there was a series depicting the Ladies of the White House. Several of these First Ladies—if the artist is to be trusted—squinted atrociously, and practically all seemed to need the services of a dermatologist. Oddly enough, too, all of them bore a strong resemblance to Lydia Pinkham. There was some amusement and pleasure in reflecting as we watched them file past that after all, being President isn't all pie.

But we do feel that this wisecracking epidemic has gone far enough. It enjoys a certain popularity, it is true—witness the high regard in which New York's mayor is held, a mayor whose fame rests almost entirely on a reputed ability to wisecrack. Perhaps the Wickersham Committee could make a report on it.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We believe that the most optimistic people in the world today are the citizens of Glens Falls, New York, where we stopped on this same motor trip. We base this opinion on the curtain in one of that city's movie houses, which shows the main business street, all accurately depicted, with the First National Bank, Binley the Florist, Hall's Ice Cream (phone ate-ate-ate), and the Loughlin Auto Brake Service Co., which specializes in shimmy troubles. But back of these actual buildings is a row of heaven-kissing skyscrapers—evidently the citizens' vision of the future, of Greater Glens Falls in all the pride and glory of its no doubt soon to be realized metropolitan grandeur and magnificence. It seems to us that Glens Falls sets an example for other cities in these depressive days. By holding firmly to this vision of greater things to come, by keeping it in front of them, even in their hours of hard-earned leisure, the Glens Fallsians are avoiding much of the worry and apprehension that is the lot of less determinedly optimistic communities, and are perhaps even ensuring for themselves a splendid future. For nothing will come true unless you believe in it.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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Psychiatric Bunk

(Continued from Page 175)

and undesirable creature to be spurned by society. It took months of patient, sympathetic endeavor to undo this damage; but I am glad to report that, finally, under the guidance and encouragement of a sensible Big Brother, the boy is now a normal individual and making good.

A "psychiatric social worker" came into my office the other day.

"What's your interesting problem today?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, very seriously, "we've been working for the past five weeks trying to analyze a 'problem boy' whose father and mother are the white janitors of a colored apartment house in Harlem."

"What's his trouble?" I asked.

"Well, he seems to be entirely dissatisfied, he's ungovernable, is constantly getting into fights."

"With the children of the colored tenants?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied. "You see the parents came down here from Buffalo to get work. All they could get finally was this job in a colored tenement."

"How do you think it's going to psych out?" I inquired.

"We haven't finished all the tests yet," she replied, "but it begins to look as if there would have to be a change of environment."

"And it's taken you and your distinguished psychiatric staff three weeks to begin to reach that conclusion? Better go back to the old days, when it wouldn't have taken an ordinary garden variety of investigator half a minute, after hearing of the surroundings, to say that the boy and his parents should be moved into a white neighborhood with a job provided for the latter there."

Protests too have gone up at some of the questions put to prospective immigrants to determine their "mental fitness to come into the country." This has recently been one of the phases of psychiatric investigation to determine their mental stability or lack of stability. For instance: "How much fur has a doorknob? How many feathers has a goose? How long is a rope?" These have been regarded as questions of "psychiatric moment." Think of even a mentally and physically capable applicant for admission to this "enlightened" land, handicapped, however, by lack of knowledge of our language and customs, being "tested" in any such way. We are glad to say that these protests have not been without effect.

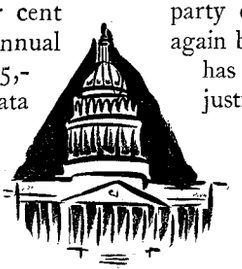
The psyching "professors" used to tell us that the majority of children coming into court because of delinquency were mentally deficient, that feeble-mindedness was the chief factor. This has been proven to be utterly untrue.

The belief that feeble-mindedness, in itself, is the greatest factor found in delinquency is not now held by the majority of real psychiatrists.

It is the same sort of "bunk" that the alleged psychiatrists gave the nation after we had entered the War and tested for the army nearly two million American men. They told us that the average intelligence of a soldier was that of a normal school child of twelve years. In other words, we were just about a nation of morons; and yet, for a moron, the American made a pretty good soldier, not to speak of all the other accomplishments before and after the War.

A list of psychiatric clinics for children in the United States, prepared by the Children's Bureau in Washington in 1928, showed that there were then thirty-four in New York City alone, not including what was done in the schools; while in New York State one hundred ninety-nine such clinics were registered. The number for the entire country on this list was more than 500. And that was three years ago. With their mushroom growth, no telling how many there are today. The government publication very wisely says: "Inclusion in the list carries no implication regarding the quality of the work done in the clinics offering psychiatric examinations for children."

The number of social workers in the United States increased 65 per cent from 1915 to 1925, with an annual salary budget estimated at $45,000,000 a year. The available data indicated that, exclusive of capital outlay, $650,000,000 was spent annually by these private social workers, much of it in excellent and necessary accomplishments. It would be interesting, however, to know how much of the outlay and salary budgets went into psychiatric clinics. One well-known authority says, as much of this work is striving to become a profession, its goal has been forsaken for a "technique."



Again, I wish to say that the study of psychology has brought us most interesting and valuable knowledge. Whatever the "behaviorists" may tell us today of Hume, or James, or Wundt, or McDougall and the conventional school of psychology, which flourished before the advent of "behaviorism" in 1912, we know that these leaders made invaluable contributions to our field of knowledge.

With psychiatry, however, if we could but be sure that the delicate problems with which it intended to deal could always be placed in the hands of really competent men, who are not being carried away by fads and irresponsible theories, there would not be the present uprising, which is beginning to protest so vigorously against the damage wrought by a growing army of irresponsibles.

A Liberal Supreme Court

(Continued from Page 173)

to fulfill wage contracts. Through many of his earlier opinions runs the same philosophy of human rights which we find in the MacIntosh-Bland citizenship cases, and in his defense of the freedom of the press in the Minnesota "press gag" case.

THE Chief Justice who now appears before us is a continuation of the old Hughes who exposed the corrupt alliance between the insurance companies and the politicians, rather than a conservative who has turned liberal as he approaches threescore years and ten. During the period between 1916 and 1930, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, a practicing lawyer retained by big corporations, and Secretary of State under President Harding, the old Hughes had been forgotten. Those who opposed his nomination in the Senate assumed, but without any justification in fact, that he was a spokesman for plutocracy, because he had so often worn its livery.

As Chief Justice, Mr. Hughes finds himself emancipated from the bonds of party discipline. His eye can never again be upon the White House. He has moved into the realm of justice, where the air is purer than in the political firmament, and where he is free to follow the still, small voice of his legal conscience. Certainly this Hughes of 1931 is more human and more approachable than the Hughes who was the choice of his party in 1916. He has lost the ancient austerity and coldness of manner; in his new office he exhibits a buoyancy and geniality which did not rest upon him of old. Quite clearly, his new freedom agrees with him.

The fact that the Supreme Court has shifted somewhat from its ancient moorings, that it has moved measurably toward the left, coming as it does at a time when powerful forces of economic and social unrest are stirring in the land, is a fact of prime significance. As the

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United States increases in population, and in accumulated wealth, as corporations expand in size and in the scope of their activities, the economic issues which the Court faces grow in importance. "Radicalism," if you want to call it that, would be much more dangerous to the established order if the so-called radicals felt that the cards were stacked against them in advance when they came before the nation's highest tribunal. No longer can that body be regarded as "safely conservative." Brandeis, Holmes and Stone are a liberal minority of three; four of the Justices are conservatives of the traditional type. Hughes and Roberts hold the balance of power; they belong neither to one group or the other. It cannot be predicted in advance with which group they will vote, nor even that both will vote the same way. Hughes and Roberts, however, have sided with the liberals often enough during the past year to make it certain that other "liberal" decisions may be expected from the Court hereafter. Far from being a threat to our institutions, the "liberalism" of the Supreme Court may well prove to be a safety valve against a destructive radicalism, assuring the country that its institutions will be developed along the lines of a normal constitutional evolution.

THOUGH the Chief Justice is only *primus inter pares*, he has a great opportunity for leadership in impressing his views upon the fundamental law of the land. In his Columbia University lectures, Mr. Hughes, before he attained his present office, referred to the Chief Justice of the United States as "the most important judicial officer in the world." A little later he remarked, "In a small body of able men with equal authority in the making of decisions, it is evident that his actual influence will depend upon the strength of his character and the demonstration of his ability in the intimate relations of the judges." In his conferences with his colleagues, Mr. Hughes has the advantage of laying down his own opinion first and voting last. He has already given evidence of his vigorous intellect, his capacity for hard work and his independence of thought. These are the qualities which in the years to come are likely to carry others with him—the play of mind upon mind. It may be that at sixty-nine the man who came within a few votes of succeeding Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States fifteen years ago has now entered the period of his greatest national usefulness and influence, in leading the Supreme Court along the lines of a safe and sane liberalism.

Roosevelt: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 179*)

to think that we ought not to have the saloons open on Sunday." He had forgotten, also, that during the Assembly debate in 1884 he had voiced an emphatic defense of beer drinkers as "decent and reputable citizens . . . . you will find that the Germans, who are the main beer drinkers, furnish to the criminal class a smaller percentage than . . . . they form of the whole population."

The Sunday closing law, like the federal prohibition amendment which was to follow it, struck at the beer drinker more than the whisky drinker. The saloon keeper could sell a quart of hard liquor to be smuggled home. The man with the tin pail, known as a "growler," was certain to be caught emerging from the side door. The beer drinker of the '90's faced perils, in fact, that no longer exist, for his long moustaches offered a clue to what went on behind the swinging doors. The police waited in plain clothes on the corner near a suspected saloon; when a citizen appeared wiping his moustaches with the back of his hand, they made a raid.

That New York was much more dry on Sunday during that summer is undoubtedly true. That it was as dry as Roosevelt believed it—"I have, for once, absolutely enforced the law in New York"—is improbable. That it was dry enough to irritate the citizenry to new heights of indignation is clear. Roosevelt's law-abiding Germans were particularly outraged. Favorite beer parlors and gardens, where they had spent quiet days with their wives and children, were closed. After an unhappy summer, and knowing that the State elections were but a few weeks distant, they organized a parade of protest. It was scheduled for September 25, 1895. It was known that the atmosphere would be stolidly hostile. But someone made the mistake of sending an invitation to Roosevelt, supposing that he would appreciate the heavy sarcasm implied and would decline. Instead he promptly accepted. It was a tactical error on the part of the Germans, for Roosevelt enjoyed himself hugely and, with the amazing talent for the picturesque which carried him to the White House, the Police Commissioner transformed the angry demonstration into a minor personal triumph.

He laughed uproariously when a coffin labeled "Teddyism" was trundled by, when signs appeared proclaiming "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Reform Racket," when Germanic drinking societies solemnly held empty beer steins aloft. One float represented several men in evening dress, seated at a table and drinking champagne, and bore the sign, "Millionaire's Club." Other placards were: "Good Morning. Have you seen Roosevelt's Name in Print?" "Liberty, Priceless Gem, Where Hast Thou Flown? To Hoboken!" "Roosevelt's Russian Rule." Then a rotund German, his blue eyes peering through heavy lenses, trudged past and, looking up at the reviewing stand, asked in a loud tone:

"Wo ist der Roosevelt?"

The Police Commissioner leaned far over, grinned his dental grin, and screamed back: *"Hier bin Ich!"* There was a burst of laughter from marchers and spectators alike. Next day's newspapers agreed that Roosevelt had survived his supposed ordeal very well indeed.

But the enemies of reform had, before this, devised a master stroke which spelled ultimate defeat. It aggravated the growing friction in the Police Board. It supplied ammunition which even Roosevelt's personality could not turn aside. Their latest move, Roosevelt wrote on July 14, 1895, "has been, through various lawyers, to revive obsolete blue laws, and bring cases before magistrates. . . . . The blue law business is puzzling. . . ." Instead of ignoring the ordinances against soda fountains, florists, delicatessen keepers and bootblacks, Roosevelt vacillated between agreeing that these ancient statutes must be enforced and insisting that he was not interested. He told a Good Government Club on July 16 that "the law will be

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of October 3, 1951

Under the terms of Dr. R. E. Sarcher's will, the New York Public Library received this week his collection of 211 books and 4,359 magazine articles published in the United States in 1930 and 1931 containing plans on how to get out of the economic depression of that period.

"I only read today," said Professor George T. Anglesax in a letter to the *Chicago Literary Daily*, "the announcement that the League for Correct English had established a cash prize for the professional writer who during the year 1951 shall have avoided misplacing the word 'only' in his published writings."

The Parents and Husbands' Economy League announced Monday that it is sponsoring, through its local branches in all Congressional districts, the Jones-Smith bill prohibiting changes oftener than every sixty days in millinery styles.

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enforced in every particular." He permitted the police to close soda water parlors. He denounced the story that orders had gone out against flower selling; but the New York *Times* commented on the arrest of a peddler who had sold five cents' worth of violets to a detective.

TAMMANY HALL was probably back of these arrests, made to embarrass Roosevelt. He had placed himself in a position where such blows could be struck. It was rumored that ice could no longer be sold on Sunday, and Charles F. Murphy, then a Tammany leader on the East Side, dispensed ice water free of charge from two liquor stores on Avenue A. The attacks went to the extreme of stating that ice was being denied the sick and dying, and Joseph Pulitzer's New York *Evening World* thereupon reached a new low mark in journalistic depravity. It published an account, giving neither names nor dates nor place, of a mother who had vainly sought a small piece of ice for her sick child. The dealer had declined to sell, since it was a Sunday morning, but had given the woman some ice. At this moment a patrolman came by, refused to listen to their stories, and took them both to court. The *Evening World* concluded this obvious fabrication by describing the mother's return to the bedside of her child:

> "I was kept away, darling. I couldn't get the ice because . . . ."
>
> Suddenly the words died on her lips. She knelt by the bed and took a little wasted hand in hers. Then, raising her face, she gazed up with dry eyes that yet saw nothing and whispered:
>
> "Thy will be done, O God! Thou knowest best!"
>
> For the child was dead!

Roosevelt continued his onslaughts. He insisted that "the sole weapons of our foes are mendacity and misrepresentation," that the "decent church-going Republicans are strongly for me . . . . the Platt machine people . . . . are on the verge of open war with me," that "we like to smite the ungodly hip and thigh; we are believers in 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon'." "Talk as little as possible," was the futile advice from his friend, Cabot Lodge.

Roosevelt's unpopularity as Police Commissioner increased and, as 1896 progressed, he succeeded in alienating nearly every faction essential to success. The reform element, once his staunch allies, was irritated by the constant bickerings at meetings of the Police Board. Welfare workers were horrified when he sanctioned the use of a small boy to obtain evidence against a saloon where liquor was sold to minors. Sporting enthusiasts were indignant over his attempts to control conditions in the prize ring; even more furious protests arose in conservative circles when he went to a prizefight himself and said he enjoyed it because it had been an honest contest. Mayor Strong, who had appointed Roosevelt to office, had meanwhile grown weary of the blue law and excise activities, as he made clear in an address at the Waldorf-Astoria on December 11, 1895. The Mayor remarked, with a trace of bitterness, that in New York the police commissioners were more important than the Mayor. He said that a citizen of an upstate town had recently asked whether one of the four heads of the department could not be lent to assist in cleaning up a local crime wave.

"I told him," the Mayor said, "all four were busy watching the girls who sold flowers and the poor devils who sold ice on Sunday."

Roosevelt declined to reply to this, saying he knew that the Mayor could not be serious. But as early as October he had been writing to Lodge that Strong had been asking him "to let up on the saloon, and impliedly threatening to turn me out if I refused!" The cruelest defection was that of Dr. Parkhurst himself. In September, 1895, he had promised to stand by Roosevelt "until death." In January, 1897, he was scolding him for his part in the Police Board quarrels and insisting that the board, "by the indignity of its demeanor . . . . is doing more to depress than elevate the tone of the force."

The indictment was all too accurate. New York was to wait twenty years for a repetition of such rows among city officials—until the Hylan administration came into office in 1918. The other three commissioners, it will be recalled, were Grant, Parker and Andrews, of whom only the last supported Roosevelt. The president of the board was probably in the right in most of his contentions; certainly he was far the ablest and most active member. His too exuberant manner, though, was a primary cause of friction, as was the monopoly of public attention he received. Never too competent a judge of men, being warmhearted and anxious to believe the best of his fellow citizens, Roosevelt had at first placed full confidence in Parker and Grant.

Contributing causes to the rage which swept over Roosevelt were his misplaced faith and the discovery that boundless optimism had been an error. He had been far too self-confident. He had declared, soon after taking office, that "in a couple of years or less . . . . the department will be . . . . in good running order . . . . I shall be . . . . quite ready to take up a new job . . . ." It dawned on him, too late, that the task had been futile and that the doubts he had expressed in 1884 of the bipartisan board were still valid. The members were appointed for stated terms. They could be removed only after court review, a long and tedious process. Any one of the commissioners could combine with another, or with the Chief of Police, and effectively deadlock all action. Exactly this happened; in the last months of his commissionership Roosevelt could accomplish virtually nothing.

Wrangling in the Police Board began in August, 1895, when Commissioner Grant took exception to the trial of a police captain against whom charges had been brought by Parkhurst's men. On August 16 Grant criticized the excise campaign and said that "crooks take advantage of the police being at saloon doors." On February 18, 1896, Commissioner Parker remarked that Roosevelt was receiving from $100 to $250 for speeches he was making outside of New York. This seemed unnecessary, since the president of the police board was a man of private means; the intimation being that Roosevelt was neglecting his duties.

"Your manner," snapped Parker to Roosevelt at a meeting in April, "conveys the impression that your desires and wants are law."

The year ended with open disagreement over excise enforcement, with Mayor Strong urging Roosevelt to soften his blows. But in April, 1896, a still more serious complication arose through the passage at Albany of the Raines Law, a statute which turned out to be the greatest boon to commercialized vice in the history of New York. Ostensibly a liquor-control measure, the Raines Law continued the provision that hotels could serve liquor on Sunday and defined a hotel as a structure with ten bedrooms and facilities for serving meals. Soon hotels were springing into existence at an astonishing rate. Hundreds of new ones appeared; the ten rooms required by law were used for prostitution in order to pay the overhead.

In December it was estimated that 2,000 new hotels had been started and Roosevelt, making a tour of inspection, found evidence that a crisis had arrived. One of the "hotels," on the Bowery, had stable stalls roofed over with wire for

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

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The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

rooms. Over the bar at this inn was a sign reading: "Sleeping in This Hotel Positively Prohibited."

Had Roosevelt begun a crusade against this evil, a drive as vigorous as his excise campaign of the year before, he would have found public opinion squarely behind him. Commercialized vice, even in the '90's, was far different from beer drinking on Sunday. But Roosevelt, it would seem, had no heart for another fight. He had been pulling wires for some weeks in the hope of an appointment from President McKinley. His effectiveness, also, had been further damaged by violent quarrels with Comptroller Ashbel P. Fitch, who had objected to the manner in which certain police funds had been allocated. At a city hall hearing on May 5, 1896, Roosevelt had exploded that Fitch was no fighter and would run away. The following intellectual exchange then ensued:

Fitch: I would never run from you!

Roosevelt: You would not fight.

Fitch: What shall it be, pistols or—

Roosevelt: Pistols or anything you wish.

Mayor Strong: Come, come. If this does not stop I will put you both under arrest.

The year closed, and 1897 began, very much on this note. Charges were finally brought against Parker for neglect of duty with Roosevelt as a leading witness for the prosecution. On March 17, 1897, Mayor Strong screwed his courage to the sticking point and dismissed Roosevelt's adversary, but not until Seth Low had pleaded with him to end the disgraceful scenes at board meetings and to "bring some or all the commissioners to trial." The last few months of 1896 were devoted almost entirely to the campaign against Bryan and to negotiations for appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. On April 17, 1897, Roosevelt's letter of resignation from the police board went to Mayor Strong. It contained the usual insincere phrases: ". . . . Deep appreciation of your attitude . . . . very much has been accomplished . . . . we have warred against crime and vice more effectively than ever before . . . ." Former Commissioner Parker, upon hearing that the Senate had confirmed Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, found humor in that fact. "What a glorious retreat!" he said, and laughed for some minutes.

Roosevelt's retirement to Washington was accompanied by the usual polite editorial regret. It was said, with truth, that he had brought a new conception of honesty to the police department. A degree of civil service had been instituted and the novel idea of promotion for merit had made its first, faint impression. The reform element was to regret, perhaps, that it had been of so little faith and had supported so half-heartedly the man who had been its hero. But New York, as a whole, was glad to see him go. A small dose of reform, as practical politicians well know, lasts for years. New York had had enough. In the fall of 1897 Tammany Hall was returned to power by enormous majorities and on Election Night the town was gay and bawdy. Near the Haymarket a band played "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town," an air to which Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders was, on a day not far ahead, to beat enthusiastic time. Painted hussies called invitations from open windows. Men pushed through the crowded streets with banners proclaiming "To Hell with Reform." Richard Croker retired next morning to the Lakewood Hotel in New Jersey to consult with his new mayor.

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Although Roosevelt's efforts as a reforming Police Commissioner were none too successful, his political future was not jeopardized. An account of the part he played in the presidential election of 1896 will be given in the next installment. T. R.'s violent support of McKinley did much to insure the defeat of Bryan and win him recognition from the Republican party

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